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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	793	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Arnold Bennett, Bernard	
The Choice ...	796	Hollander, M.D., and others	807
A Policy for Turkey ...	797	POETRY:—	
THE WAR CRIMINALS. By		Almswomen. By Edmund	
Theodor Wolf ...	799	Blunden ...	808
A LONDON DIARY. By A		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
Wayfarer ...	801	H. M. T. ...	810
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		REVIEWS:—	
The Nardacs ...	802	Hegel and Modern Criti-	
"Bad Dreams" ...	803	cism. By J. M. M. ...	812
The Shrinkage of Earth ...	804	The Freedom of the Press	814
THE DRAMA:—		The German Revolution ...	816
Tchehov on the English		Japanese Poetry. By Helen	
Stage. By Frank Swin-		Waddell ...	818
erton ...	806	A Trio ...	820
COMMUNICATIONS:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	822
Can Labor Govern? By		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
Hugo Vallentin ...	807	Our City Editor ...	824
		SUPPLEMENT ...	829

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE Supreme Council of the Allies has issued to the world a manifesto on the economic ruin of Europe. Able as this document is, the history of its drafting supplies a commentary on the state of the Continent even more instructive than its conclusions. In its original form the manifesto contained two definite proposals which reflected the ideas of Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Nitti. It boldly advised the conclusion of peace with Russia, and it recommended an international loan to Germany, which should rank among her debts above her obligation to pay an indemnity. The manifesto was completed in this form, and much of it had already leaked out in the Press, when M. Millerand sent a strong note of dissent to London. After a telephone conversation, Mr. Lloyd George gave way, and the document appears without either of these proposals. It is an able diagnosis of the galloping consumption of a continent for which the physicians, after all their consultations, dare not prescribe the only adequate remedies. France sticks to her own maximum demands, and will abate none of her claims on Germany, either from short-sightedness, or because in fixing her eyes on the ruin of Germany she forgets that she also wants to draw an indemnity for herself. The French are steadily making any remedial international action impossible, and so fatally hindering the growth of international government.

STRIPPED of these two definite proposals, the manifesto is little more than a long leading article, on lines which every liberal-minded newspaper and review in the civilized world long ago made familiar. The spirit is admirable enough. Disarmament figures as the first necessity, and we are reminded that Poland and other Eastern and Central States have still a million men under arms, and Russia (thanks largely to Mr. Churchill) a million and a half. Peace "throughout Eastern Europe" is vaguely recommended. There follows, though without details or names, a recommendation to the former States of Austria-Hungary to restore the economic unity

which the Allies shattered in the Peace Treaties. There are exhortations to produce more and stop luxurious expenditure, while States are bidden to live within their revenues, to limit their note issues, and the like. It is desirable, we are told, to help the poorer States to get raw materials by means of commercial credits: this may be done when they adopt the foregoing good advice. Then follows the one precise and helpful clause in the whole document: the Powers advise a reparation loan for France. The clause on Germany vaguely recites the hints in the Treaty that help may be given her to obtain food-stuffs and raw materials, but proposes nothing new, and concludes merely with a permission to the Germans to wait a little longer before they send in their proposals as to the payment of the indemnity.

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THE final paragraph about Germany seems in every line to be on the verge of saying something important, but does not say it. We know why. In effect, by its failure to take the German situation firmly in hand, the Supreme Council has thrown everything upon the Reparation Commission, which doubtless was the result which France desired. This Commission, wielding absolute powers over Germany's economic life, her export, her credit, her taxation, meets in Paris, and has as its chairman M. Poincaré, the incarnation of French Nationalism and the leading advocate of the alienation of the Rhineland. According to the Treaty, the Commission cannot remit any of the obligations imposed on Germany unless it is unanimous. It would be folly to hope much from it, and it is left in full control. Two elementary facts govern the German situation:—

(1) No one will lend anything to Germany, even for raw materials, unless the new debt ranks with or even above her other obligations. If the French continue to say "indemnities first," there can be no loan, no enhanced production, and consequently no indemnity;

(2) Unless the indemnity itself is promptly fixed at a reasonable figure, there will be no revival of German energy; human bees will not work if all the honey is taken from the hive. If Germany were freed from the Commission, and herself left to find the indemnity as best she can, she might react to the challenge as France did in 1870, and take a certain pride in freeing herself quickly. But no people will work in fetters. It is odd that this manifesto, while obviously anxious to speak reasonably to Germany, forgets the far worse plight of a much more sympathetic nation, Austria.

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THERE is some reason to hope that the danger to the Armenians in Cilicia is over, after at least 15,000 of them have perished. The French authorities, easily satisfied in such matters, are at any rate no longer anxious. They seldom are, where Armenian lives are at stake. Our newspapers have made the most of the "occupation" of Constantinople. It has, of course, been occupied since the armistice, but the troops in it or near it now number 50,000. Meanwhile, the Turkish Cabinet crisis has been solved by the retirement of the Premier and the continuance of his shadowy colleagues in office. These men, being totally out of touch with the newly revived

Nationalist Party, have no authority whatever, and we gain little or nothing by coercing or intimidating them. The Young Turks leave them in Stamboul as whipping boys, while they do as they please in Asia. Izzet Pasha (a prominent soldier, not Abdul Hamid's secretary as some of our papers supposed) would have been a real Premier, but the Allies would have nothing to do with him.

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MEANWHILE, the full meaning of the Indian Moslem "Caliphate" movement is becoming apparent. It demands intact the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It has proclaimed a boycott of British goods, and is threatening a social boycott of officials, officers, and soldiers who are untrue to their religion by obeying an Empire which has assailed the Caliphate. These are dangerous tactics, and, we fear, more likely to bring disaster on India as well as on ourselves than to help Turkey. In this connection we have received a long and very strongly worded cablegram giving a report of a Conference and Demonstration held at Calcutta in continuation of the Caliphate Conferences held at Lucknow and elsewhere. The cablegram informs us that the meetings were packed, and that great enthusiasm prevailed, as well as much excitement and indignation at what the cablegram describes as "the spirit of crusaders abroad in England." The cablegram goes on to say that "Muslims did not make it a secret that their secular loyalty was strained to its breaking point," and that they would be "compelled to cease all relations with Britain" if the Peace with Turkey proved to be against their "religious injunctions." The resolutions also appear to have challenged the Peace Conference's right to divide the Turkish Empire and to place Mesopotamia, Syria and other holy places under non-Moslem control or influence. In that case, Mohammedans would have recourse to every possible means to keep the Caliphate intact. The declaration of a British Protectorate over Egypt was also denounced. A general suspension of business was fixed for March 19th, and Hindu and Moslem Rulers of Native States were appealed to to assist in the boycott of British piece goods. Other language was used which seems to us to be of a highly-strained character. We repeat that we hope the agitation will take a more sober turn, otherwise it must alienate the sympathies of those who desire a moderate settlement of the Turkish question and still more earnestly a full appeasement of Indian discontent.

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MR. ASQUITH has contributed to the Liberal revival by a brilliant speech to the members of the Eighty Club, receiving from them in return a vote of confidence. He made no new disclosure of policy, but dealt none too severely with the "deplorable" speech in which Mr. Macpherson threw over the whole Liberal theory on Irish Coercion, insulted Gladstone, and declared that Nationalist Ireland contained 200,000 persons ready to commit murder. But he foreshadowed opposition to the Government's Irish Bill, on the ground that it was a lessening of the Home Rule Act, and therefore a breach of the Liberal faith with Ireland. His general plea for Liberalism was that it was the true idealist party, and that as it had no class interests, was best fitted to act for the community as a whole.

For our part, we should say briefly, that the profession of sane idealism is much wanted in the world; and that the man who gives the clearest lead to it will head and guide the greatest party in the State. Liberalism may be that party; or having kindled the torch and

handed it on to Labor, it may have to content itself with educating the mass, permeating it, and tempering its tendencies to bureaucracy and class selfishness. If we were the advisers of the party, we should counsel it to keep an open mind on the industrial problem, and concentrate on foreign policy; to begin undermining the militarist idea and spirit, and to lay the foundations of a liberal internationalism. In its past there is nothing to boast of. For a generation it has made no positive contribution to peace and unity among mankind. But it has always been a depository of these teachings, even when it lost the key to them. It has now to seek a revised Treaty, with a form of International Government based on the new covenant. Does any John the Baptist offer?

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THE approaching increase in the price of bread makes it certain that a great agitation will spring up against the rising cost of living. The movement may upset Governments and change the whole course of politics. The increased cost of flour is due (1) to the upward movement of world prices, (2) the continued absence of the Russian supplies, which no longer exist for export, and (3) the shadow of the world shortage after next harvest. Policies differ. The Government propose to break up the subsidy system by stages. The Labor Party holds that the maintenance of the present price of bread, even at the cost of the expansion of the subsidy to £90,000,000 a year, is preferable to another rise. But the subsidy system is thoroughly unsound, and the sooner the country gets down to real prices, the better. The price of bread depends on the world situation, not the British situation. And this the Labor Party rarely handles with courage and insight. The Government also is in two minds. No appointment has been made of a Food Controller in succession to Mr. Roberts, and nobody knows whether or not bread is to be controlled after the end of March. Ministers talk of the effect of competition in keeping the quartern loaf down to elevenpence, while master bakers' associations are considering how they can justify a charge of 1s. 1d. or 1s. 2d. The real price is probably nearer 1s. 6d.

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PRESIDENT WILSON is recovering something of his old directness and energy of expression, and is evidently striving to win back his command of domestic and international affairs. In a statement of his views on the disputed Article X. of the League's Covenant (which pledges members to come to the aid of others to defend their independence and the integrity of their territory) he takes a surprisingly novel view of its effect. Most of us regard it as a guarantee to defend certain of the Allies in the possession of territory to which they have no just claim, *e.g.*, it would force us to defend Italy in holding the South Tyrol, or the Techechs in keeping the big German districts of Bohemia and Moravia. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, regards it as a means of restraining future grabbing by big Empires. That is surely a simple-minded view. When Empires grab, the first thing they do is to guarantee the independence and integrity of their victim. After his experience in Paris, Mr. Wilson ought to know that the least expert of his late colleagues could dodge Clause X. with both eyes shut. He goes on to say some plain things about us all. Japan and Britain "are beginning to find so many interests in common in the Pacific." As for France, her "militaristic party" tried all through the Conference to "gain the ascendancy in her counsels." They were, he says (a strange reading of history) defeated, "but they are in control." Italy, he adds, is guided solely by naval strategy in her Adriatic



claims. The news from Washington suggests, however, that Mr. Wilson will fail to move the Senate from its attachment to the Lodge reservations, which means that Mr. Wilson, in his turn, will hang up the Treaty.

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MR. WILSON'S last note on the Adriatic question is as stiff and outspoken as its predecessors. He adheres immovably, and we think quite rightly, to the Memorandum of December 9th, which was a statement of a common agreement reached between America, Britain, and France. He agrees however that since neither Italy nor Jugo-Slavia want a big buffer State, the town of Fiume alone should be made into a Free State under the League. He also maintains his protest against giving any part of Albania to the Serbs. The view of Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau, one may remark, that the Serbs being "Christians" are the proper guardians of the North Albanians, is too tragically ignorant for laughter. These Orthodox Slavs are the savagest enemies of the Catholic Albanians, and have in the past exterminated whenever they got the chance. The Note goes on in bitter words to reproach the Allies for keeping the Treaty of London secret, owing to the "exigencies of military strategy," from an Ally on whom they were calling for "unlimited assistance and untold treasure." But did not Mr. Balfour tell Parliament that he disclosed the Treaty to Mr. Wilson? The peroration of the Note is a tremendous and well-merited assault on the whole recent Adriatic policy of the Allies, a policy "in direct contradiction of the principles for the defence of which America entered the war." Mr. Wilson has one rare merit as a man. He never gets used to cynicism.

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MUCH has been made of the Government's acceptance of a proposal, coming from the independent Tories, that instead of passing the Supplementary Estimates by March 25th, under the guillotine, the House itself should allocate the subjects, and determine the length of the debates after report by a Select Committee. We see little in it. We suppose that it comforts the House to be consulted, on the principle that a man condemned to death would rather settle the form of his execution than have it settled for him. But it gains nothing substantial by Mr. Hills's motion. It gets no more time and no more power. The Estimates must be voted by the date which the Government has fixed, and the House is incompetent to discuss them adequately. If the House wants financial control it must seek it in the way in which other assemblies have found it, *i.e.*, through an Estimates Committee.

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THE Trade Union Congress has given a decisive vote against direct action—3,870,000 against 1,050,000. The threat of direct action has had a marked effect in the last batch of by-elections, and the political leaders of the party count Thursday's decision as an historic victory for constitutionalism and good sense. Thursday's discussion showed a negligible argumentative effort on its behalf, apart from a brilliantly delivered, but unconvincing speech by Mr. Frank Hodges, who spoke as a man striving to save a lost cause without great faith in his effort. The preliminary decisions of the general workers, railwaymen, and textile workers, in conjunction with the large minority vote of the miners, robbed the Congress debate of any dramatic note, but it was on a level of statesmanship rarely reached in a trade union assembly. The miners will now, no doubt, drop direct action, and concentrate on a new economic movement.

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JAPAN is passing through a very curious crisis, in appearance political, but probably in its origins indus-

trial. The franchise is the narrowest now surviving in the world, and the restricted propertied electorate chooses a Diet which is almost powerless. The franchise favors the old rural Japan. Meanwhile, the population of the industrial towns is rising rapidly, and labor (especially that of the women and girls shut up under contracts in compounds) is sweated to the bone. Though combination and trade unionism are illegal, strikes have latterly been frequent, and with the strikes there have been rice riots. A demand for universal suffrage by the Opposition in the Diet has in the past few weeks been backed by more or less violent popular demonstrations, of which the censorship allows us to hear little. The Premier, Mr. Hara, has suddenly dissolved the Diet, and there may be an election four months hence. Apparently he did so in order to close down some coming scandal ripe for revelation. Neither the Diet nor the plutocratic electorate is likely to support universal suffrage. With Bolshevism triumphant no further away than Vladivostok, it looks like a highly imprudent policy of negation.

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THERE are many arguments for and against a Capital Levy. The chief argument for a Capital Levy is that the huge war debt was contracted when the paper pound had an average purchasing power of only about ten shillings, and that if we are content merely to pay interest on the debt, it may well be that ten years hence the old purchasing power of the pound will have been restored, in which case the real weight of the interest on the debt will have been doubled. The most impressive argument against a Capital Levy is that it would embarrass our manufacturers and merchants, and reduce their credit just when we want to have the maximum of trade and to earn the maximum of profit. Some of us regard with suspicion any scheme for providing the present Government with money. So long as men like Mr. Churchill are at the head of spending departments there seems to be no prospect whatever of economy, or even of peace, unless the public exchequer is empty. Granted, however, that the Government could be trusted to act properly, and granted also that a Capital Levy had been decided upon, Lord Buckmaster has put forward a most ingenious financial scheme for debt-redemption.

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LORD BUCKMASTER requires, first of all, that a valuation of private wealth should be made in the United Kingdom; and he assumes that properties of less than £5,000 will be exempt. He assumes also that ten per cent. of his or her wealth will be required from every man or woman who possesses £5,000 or more. Let us take the case of a person with £5,000. He would be compelled, under Lord Buckmaster's scheme, to put down £500. But he would receive a bond for £500, bearing interest at one per cent. for a period of thirteen years. At the expiration of that time the bond would bear interest at four per cent. in perpetuity. If Lord Buckmaster's calculations are correct, this levy, or forced loan, would yield enough to redeem debt to the extent of about two thousand five hundred millions sterling in the thirteen years—a very remarkable performance. The scheme produces an immense sinking fund, because whereas interest is now between 5 and 6 per cent., these bonds will for thirteen years only receive one per cent. Lord Buckmaster suggests that in order to make his scheme still more effective, the one per cent. interest might be dropped. Would it not be better to save money at the other end by providing that the bonds should at the end of thirteen years become Consols, yielding interest at 2½ per cent.? In that case there would be left a good margin for continuing the reduction of debt.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE CHOICE.

On the principle that a late conversion is better than no conversion at all, we must, we suppose, welcome the Supreme Council's acceptance of principles it has never practised and its return to the realities its Treaty ignored. The principles are well enough. The Big Three have at last discovered that Europe is a Continent, which cannot be mutilated as to one part without suffering in the other. To an elementary course in international morals they add some simple lessons in political economy, which they commend to the world, though their true application is to themselves. Thus it has been made evident to them that few goods and much paper-money make for high prices, that the loss of a proper ratio between imports and exports disorganizes the exchanges, and that it is better to tax than to borrow. Their conclusion that peace and work, not war and waste, constitute the normal life of man might have been more profitable had they related it to their policy of war *à outrance*, and to the blockade that crowned the ruin of the war. Does a war debt of £40,000,000,000 press down the energies of Europe? It was largely their contrivance. Does the Balkanizing of Austria paralyze her trade circulation? That, indeed, was wholly their handiwork. Must Germany now be lifted out of the pit? Let those do it who thrust her in. As a first step to the rescue of Russia from "confusion and anarchy," they have only to stop the civil war they promoted and subsidized. So with the internal economies of the States they govern. They can check the private extravagance which they censure by curtailing the monstrous expense of which it is the shadow and imitation, and seek in the moral stimulus of civic devotion and international concord, a cure for the listlessness which is the reaction from the fever of war. It is at least something to the good that at last they have made a timid advance along the road which every progressive counsellor during the last twelve months has urged them to travel. They have realized that a form of international government of Europe is necessary; and that for all the hindrances which that work is bound to meet within the councils of the Entente, as well as without them, it must be done in a broad spirit of justice and conciliation. The memorandum of the Supreme Three is, we are afraid, a truncated document. It contains many good words; but its measure of practical suggestion is exiguous enough, if we contrast it with the greatness of the need. Let us, therefore, see what the after-war situation actually is, in comparison with that which followed the great struggle with France.

The main burden of the French war fell on the workers. The rich classes held all the power in the State and they used that power to the full. Throughout the working-class world there was a catastrophic fall in the standard of life; indirect taxation was crushing and Parliament marked its rejoicing over the defeat of Napoleon by abolishing the income tax. The weaver, the spinner, the miner, the agricultural laborer—these were the chief victims of the war, and the effect lasted for generations. That is one fact to keep in mind about the last great war, for it can never be repeated. There is a second fact which has a bearing on our present position. After Waterloo we did not add to our military

obligations; we pursued a policy of caution, and we were able to keep our military expenditure down to a moderate figure.

Now the situation to-day is very much graver than the situation left by the war with France. The destruction is nearer to being complete; the paralysis of the States that have been most heavily injured is overwhelming, and the very success with which the victors learnt to control the economic life of the world has immensely increased the difficulties of restoration. The energy of mankind has been put into the struggle on a more prodigal scale. To repair the loss of the war is infinitely harder, though if Governments were capable of statesmanship or imagination the resources of income are of course infinitely richer. But the most ominous aspect of the situation is that instead of repairing this loss the Governments of Europe have been engaged for fourteen months in aggravating it and in accumulating new burdens for the future. The Supreme Council pledge themselves to disarmament. But what of our case? The Army Estimates in our own country are fantastic, if we recall all that Mr. Lloyd George promised during the war in the way of relief from such burdens; they are on the other hand quite inadequate if we consider what responsibilities we are undertaking all over the globe. The prospects of civilization were critical enough at the time of the armistice, but at least it was taken for granted that the rescue of the world would be the first care of the statesmen who met at Paris. Instead of that, they are still tearing what is left of it to pieces.

Is there any escape or are we to wait till scarcity, disorganization, and the general collapse of civilized life bring revolution into every country in Europe? There is only one hope. The Supreme Council at last invite Europe to prepare for a measure of true international government. That is the alternative to bankruptcy for each and all of us. The state of Central Europe is an illustration and a warning. We have carved up the old territorial and administrative units into a number of separate States without any regard to their common and mutually dependent economic interests, and we have set up a political system which will increase rather than diminish the danger of armaments. Central Europe is in this respect a sort of drunken Helot to all Europe. Poland, on the verge of famine and already in the grip of an advancing epidemic of typhus, maintains a huge army and talks of the frontiers of 1772. The old units of the Dual Monarchy starve themselves and starve each other because they will not share their resources, and the resources of each unit can only be used with the help of those of its neighbor. One State has coal and no locomotives; the other could find locomotives if only it had coal. And Europe, living in a state of disorganization that is without precedent since the world began to assume its modern economic form, has somehow to produce enough to buy its food from America. Mr. Hoover has estimated that the population of Europe is at least 100 millions greater than can be supported without imports, and to that extent she is dependent on the production and sale of exports.

It is clear that when the League of Nations holds its economic Conference, and the memorandum of the Supreme Council comes up for interpretation, some drastic measures will be necessary to set up credit, transport, and the necessary means of economic life in Central Europe. Take the question of



transport alone. It is obvious that to have a single railway authority for Central Europe, representing the different Governments concerned, would make an incalculable difference in the prospects of the economic restoration. Of equal urgency is the need of a Free Trade Union, comprising the whole of Central, Eastern, and South Eastern Europe, to which other States might adhere. The obstacle to this kind of simplification is, of course, the selfishness (call it what we will) of the different States. During the war it was found to be possible to subordinate individual ambitions and jealousies, and to organize the common economic interests of the Allies. War is a harsh and a powerful teacher, but the populations of Central Europe are learning lessons from a teacher more terrible still. It would be possible to give them from the League of Nations the help that is necessary to put them on their feet. But they must first assent to the conditions that are necessary for that help to be effective. Central Europe is to-day in the plight of Germany before the days of the Zollverein.

The introduction of such a system would mean the beginning of International Government in Europe. And it is clear that some such development is the only alternative to general ruin and despair. During the discussions of the Covenant in Paris there was a morbid fear of anything that looked like the concession of national sovereignty. It is easy to understand that fear, particularly in the light of what has happened since in the United States, and it is quite clear that you could not have a Peace of the grasping kind combined with a League that tried to introduce the methods and spirit of International Government. What we have to do now is to work back to the old conception of the League of Nations and to set up gradually a body that can enable Europe to devote all its energy to its salvation. Take the question of armaments. At this moment when we are incessantly told that production is essential to safety, placards stare at us from every wall urging skilled men to crowd into the army. No country in the world is in less immediate danger. For what are the great nations of Europe to keep up armies? The ready answer is that order has to be kept in different parts of the world. But why should the British Army keep order, if the maintenance of order is not merely a British interest? The maintenance of order is properly a function for the League of Nations. When the League comes to discuss disarmament, the only practicable method is to set up an international force and an international administration, so that whether troops are wanted in Danzig or Silesia, in Armenia or Cilicia, in Syria or in Mesopotamia, these troops shall not be British and French troops, but an international force recruited from the League of Nations. This involves the abandonment of the idea of national mandates and the substitution of the League of Nations, as the controlling power, and not as the mere shadow behind the force of this or that State. The prestige and the burden of maintaining order will belong to all States alike, great and small.

Of course the League cannot assume these great functions until and unless it becomes representative, and for that purpose the admission of Russia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey is essential. The League itself must at once be extended and the Assembly made into a living and active force within the League. It has to do much more than keep the peace; a task for which under present prospects it is inadequate. It has to

stimulate the economic recovery of Europe, and for that task it must be equipped. It must be made representative of the peoples and not merely of the Governments of the world. Here a good deal can be done by the development of the principle of the representation of organizations which was adopted in the case of the International Labor Conference. There is nothing in such a prospect to challenge or provoke the reasonable national spirit of any society. It would disappoint the contentions of those who wish to see Great Britain in possession or occupation of Mesopotamia and Palestine, and who think that we have some special claim to the rich resources of undeveloped countries. But those gentlemen will inevitably find that if they wish to build strategic railways on the desert for their private purposes, they will overstrain the resources of the British Empire and involve it in political difficulties that will prove its ruin. The possessing classes can choose between International Government on the one hand, which means the surrender of such ambitions, the removal of such causes for war, and the prospect of the recovery of Europe; and the old Imperialism on the other. But Imperialism stands for heavier burdens in taxes and a continual rise in the cost of living. *The people will understand that their bread costs them more to-day because of what Mr. George and Mr. Churchill and M. Millerand are doing in Mesopotamia and Cilicia, in Austria and Silesia, in Poland and in Petrograd, and not merely in London and in Paris.* And the makers of these policies had better not delude themselves with the belief, if they choose Imperialism, that they can make the workers pay for their choice.

#### A POLICY FOR TURKEY.

THAT war breeds war is a trite saying, yet caution comes very slowly even from recent experiences. As we watch the doings of this week in Turkey, we cannot dismiss the foreboding that the Allies may have begun an adventure as long, as costly, and at least as disintegrating in its effects as the war upon Soviet Russia. While the Poles flourish their fantastic claims to immense territories and vast indemnities, reject the Russian offer of an armistice, and play at provocative offensives like picadors goading the bull in the arena, we cannot yet say that the Russian war is over. It may blaze up again. While that danger still darkens the East European outlook, we have begun an action in Turkey which it may be difficult to confine within manageable limits. It is easy and not very risky to send Allied troops to co-operate with Allied ships at Constantinople. That city is easily overawed. It happens, however, to have no Government. The Young Turks, who at the moment of the collapse were thoroughly discredited and demoralized, have recovered their ascendancy. The same reasons which are bringing back the military party very slowly and very partially in Germany, have worked more swiftly in the more primitive and less critical social world of Turkey to restore the Young Turks. None of the men of the old school whom our diplomatists have always preferred because of their pliability, possessed the wit or the vigor to assert themselves. It was obvious as the months went by that the Allies were reserving for Turkey the fate of Austria-Hungary. Faced with the danger of total ruin and dismemberment, the Young Turks rallied. They twice showed a similar elasticity, during the worst moments of the Balkan War, and managed in the end to snatch back Adrianople and Eastern Thrace from the

Bulgarians who seemed in secure possession. They dream to-day of repeating that exploit on a larger scale.

Nor is the adventure quite hopeless. The Allies are neither united nor sure of their course, and with Russia they are not yet at peace, while India is stirred to its depths. The Allies, to be sure, can tighten their hold on Constantinople. But if they set up there a puppet Vizier of the old school, he will not be obeyed across the Straits. Short of arms and munitions, Mustapha Kamel, at the head of the Nationalist armies, might still contrive to conduct a desperate defensive war in the interior of Asia Minor and Anatolia. What forces could we bring against him? No Power to-day dare send white conscript troops abroad. The French can rely only on their African negroes, and our own professional army is dissipated between Dublin and Cologne, Cairo and Bagdad, while India, so far from helping, calls for reinforcements. Into the midst of this anxious crisis, with tens of thousands of Armenians waiting with knives at their throats, the Supreme Council suddenly launches an announcement that the Turks are to retain barely a fifth of their former population. It may or may not be wise and right to reduce Turkey from a nation of thirty millions to six millions, but it will need more than 50,000 men to do it.

What matters, to our thinking, even more than the local danger in Turkey, is the probable effect of our action upon India. We did our best, while Constantinople was under discussion, to open the eyes of those who imagined that the Caliphate question centred in that city or could be solved on Papal lines with a Vatican compromise. To-day the delegates of the Indian Moslems are among us, and have spoken for themselves. It is impossible to pretend that Moslem scruples can be met or even appreciably placated by leaving to a disarmed Sultan a few square miles of European soil. That soil is not sacred and has no value in itself. The Caliph, if he is to be in truth the Successor of the Prophet, must be the Commander of the Faithful, and must wield the reality of power. As the head of a little State with a population equal to that of German Austria and less than that of Belgium, dismally poor and remote from most of the main routes of the East, he would have lost all claim to his office. Indeed the mere fact that he will have lost all standing in the sacred cities, and all power to protect the pilgrims, disposes of his claim. The Indian Moslems say that their Caliphate agitation means nothing less than a demand that the Ottoman Empire must remain intact. It is in our view an impossible claim, and yet altogether to reject it might be to hang a peril over India and to risk the loss of what has been traditionally the most loyal of the Indian populations. It would mean solidarity between Moslems and Hindoos, and no longer on the lines of Home Rule within the Empire. It may be that poison gas, aeroplanes, and the new tanks which, as Mr. Churchill says, are faster than foxhounds, could deal with a new Indian Mutiny. But they could not make reform workable, nor alter the fact—which we always desire to negate—that our rule would then rest on naked force.

We can respect this Mohammedan idea, which is at bottom a faith in theocracy, though it is the antithesis of our own civilization. We are not sure how far simple Moslems really did hold this exalted view of the Caliphate yesterday, or hold it to-day. One only knows the force of an idea when it is threatened. The simple Moslem soldiers in Mesopotamia may not have held it strongly. Once at home and in reach of their own mosques, they may realize it now. Our own view is rather that it is the destruction of the last independent Oriental State which so deeply stirs India, and moves the heretic Shiahs

as well as the alien Brahmin. The East expresses itself naturally in religious formulae. Translated into Western terms, it is really the exploited, conquered East which is rising against the Imperialism of the West. Thus the mental worlds of Mecca and Moscow come into a certain relationship, and on the common hatred of Imperialism an alliance might, if we are unwise, one day be based.

Therefore, even at this eleventh hour we would urge that an attempt be made to examine this Moslem claim, with a disposition to meet it half-way. Our fundamental demand is for decent government in Turkey. That seems to us compatible, not indeed with the full integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but with some approach to it. Catastrophic dismemberment may have economic consequences as disastrous for the peoples of Turkey as the like process in Austria has had. Again, it cannot be carried out, and will not be carried out, on lines that even approximate to racial justice. There are in Eastern and Western Thrace some mainly Greek and some mainly Bulgarian districts, but in both we believe that the population is by a large majority Moslem—unless indeed, as some say, Eastern Thrace has been recently peopled with Bulgarian refugees from Macedonia. Again, in the portion of Asia Minor assigned to Greece, though Smyrna town may have a Greek majority, the majority in the province is certainly Turkish. Greek rule will mean the panic migration of most of this Moslem population. Let Greece by all means have the islands. Let us who talk of our devotion to the idea of nationality give Cyprus to her, as Gladstone restored Corfu. But to give either of the Thracies or Smyrna or Aidin to Greece, seems to us to be neither racial justice nor economic wisdom, nor wise politics. Of French and Italian claims to Adalia and Cilicia we need say less. They are purely Imperialist. The Armenians in the Cilician highlands must be protected, but they are a small minority of the population. The best thing for them would be to emigrate to the independent Armenian State, exchanging houses and lands with the Moslems who will not wish to live under Armenian rule.

Excluding Armenia (*i.e.*, Van, Bitlis, and Erzeroum) which must be independent, and the Greek islands which should join the kingdom, we would urge then that Turkey north of Amanus range, including Eastern Thrace, should remain within the Ottoman Empire. The Arab lands we shall discuss presently. How then shall we provide for decent government? The first thing is to will it. Hitherto the motive of intervention in Turkey has been either a too exclusive religious sympathy with the sorely tried Christians, or else financial penetration. Against both the Turks were on the defensive. Systems of control worked ill, partly from the jealousy of the Powers, partly because they were regarded as a first step to partition. Our general idea would be to make the whole League of Nations, by some special *ad hoc* governing body, responsible for the reconstruction of Turkey. This Turkish Council should consist not of ambassadors tied by instructions, but of men who, once nominated, would be answerable only to their own conscience and the Supreme Council of the League. We should look for experienced administrators from India and Tunis. We should place an Indian Moslem or two on the board. We would include neutrals and even Austrians or Germans, if they know and love the country, and we should prefer scholars, men of science, bankers, soldiers, and even missionaries to diplomatists.

This Turkish Council would then be charged with the reorganization of the administration, and left to find the best talent it could get—Allied, neutral, or even Austrian and German, Indian as well as European—to



build up an honest civil service, an incorruptible bench of judges, a zealous body of educators, and an ambitious corps of engineers and agricultural experts. The world needs the potential riches of Turkey, not for the enrichment of syndicates and trusts, but to supply the wheat, the cotton, and the oil for which Europe is starving. On the political side, we are convinced that the best plan is to aim at cultural rather than territorial autonomy for the various religious communities. Would much coercion be required? We do not think so, if the League and its organ, the Turkish Council, contrived at the start to convince the Moslem population that it was working as much for its good as for that of the Christians. A strong military *gendarmerie*, well officered and well armed, it certainly would need, and once more, in this force also, we would make full use of French and Indian Moslems. There are in Vienna thousands of unemployed Austrian officers, engineers, and civil servants, a kindly and highly educated race with linguistic gifts. The best of them might also be used. For the rest, if only from reasons of economy, the Turkish army must be reduced to a mere bodyguard. This control might last for twenty years, gradually educating a new generation which could dispense with foreign aid. The result would be a stronger, richer, and more civilized Moslem State than the world has seen since the Moors were driven from Spain.

There remains the problem of the Arab lands. Here we are gripped by the dead hand of the Secret Treaties. The French are determined to have Syria. We have given pledges to the Jews and to the King of the Hedjaz. It is beginning to be realized that Mesopotamia may be

a costly and troublesome burden, but we may have embedded ourselves too deeply to come out at once. The Arabs are certainly anti-Turkish, but they are as yet too inexperienced and live on levels of culture too diverse to form a single coherent State. There is politically much to be said for cutting even the vestiges of Turkish suzerainty over Arabia, and apparently, judging from a recent resolution of the Ottoman Chamber, the loss would not be felt by the Turks themselves. But what of the Caliphate? Can a Caliph remain Caliph who has no status whatever in the Holy Cities? It might perhaps suffice to retain an Ottoman suzerainty, as in Egypt before 1914, to allow the Sultan the guardianship over the Mosques of Mecca, Medina, Damascus, and Jerusalem, to confer "mandates" for Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, under the League, upon Britain and France, with a time limit of twenty years, and to postpone the final solution to the end of that period of probation. It is possible, of course, that Indian Moslems may resent a proposal to set up a Council of guardianship over Turkey, even if it included Moslem members, as hotly as they resent the scheme of dismemberment. The Caliphate would have no real independence during this period of tutelage, though it might emerge greatly strengthened from it. If they take that view and fall back on a merely negative demand that we shall leave Turkey alone, then we are afraid there is no way of meeting them. A misgoverned Turkey, a backward Turkey, a Turkey that exploits only a fraction of the riches of her soil, a Turkey that massacres Christians and fosters a dangerous military spirit, cannot be left intact. The alternatives are dismemberment or reconstruction.

## THE WAR CRIMINALS.

BY THEODOR WOLFF.

GERMAN democrats have seen with pleasure that those in England who profess the same ideas object, on the question of extradition, to the politics of violence. We are very glad to see it, as we know very well that there are still many clouds between the nations which make mutual understanding in this question very difficult. In the eyes of the whole world Germany, together with Austria, is the one cause of the terrible, universal war. In this war German officers and soldiers offended—a fact that cannot be denied—against the laws of humanity and international law. The news of these incidents was carried by a clever propaganda to the remotest parts of the world. Prussian militarism taught that inconsiderateness in war is a virtue, and that the most cruel war is the mildest, as it will be finished as quickly as possible. The Republic which was established when militarism came to an end delayed too long the punishment of crimes that were committed in the last war and giving the nations an example of liberating justice. All these things may speak against us. But it seems to me a promise of better days that in spite of these facts the democrats of England, Italy and all the neutral countries have come to our assistance on the question of extradition.

That Germany, in July and the beginning of August, 1914, allowed and even helped the super-ambitious Count Berchtold to kindle universal war, I need not explain here. But those who, like me, saw these events close at hand, and observed the conduct of our leading statesmen, are convinced that the Italian diplomatist was right who said in Rome to the Prince Bülow: "German diplomacy is far less criminal and far more ignorant than foreign countries think." I am also convinced that there were not only in Petersburg but also in other capitals persons who, behind the backs of their responsible Governments, took advantage of the moment, and did not hinder the outbreak of war.

Nationalism, especially in France, and Pan-Germanism in Germany provided the necessary atmosphere. I do not intend to diminish the faults and sins of Germany; they remain great enough, and they were without doubt the chief cause of the outbreak of war. But dispassionate historians will have to record many facts to which hitherto we have not paid attention.

In the course of the war all reasonable and honest Germans saw with dismay that it excited the brutal and vulgar instincts of those who had no power of moral resistance. The military censorship stopped all information on this fact, and forbade criticism. Honest Germans did not imitate the example of those war-dazzled persons who simply declared: "It is not true." Much was invention and exaggeration indeed, but much was true, and crimes cannot be excused with the philosophical thesis: "Such is war." But the bloody stench of battlefields and the feverish air of war-time also intoxicated the morally feeble soldiers of other armies. Certainly such actions were more frequently committed by officers and soldiers of the German armies than by those of other nations. But the German armies alone stood for years on hostile soil, and a just comparison would only be possible if we knew how the soldiers of other nations would have behaved under the same conditions. We know that in Morocco innocent Germans were shot by French soldiers, just as, according to a terrible custom of war, repugnant to every instinct of civilization, innocent Belgians and Frenchmen were killed by Germans. We want to rebuild the sanctity of right, but it is absurd to think that on one side of a frontier there are only good men and on the other only bad ones.

We must admit that German militarism—and this is its greatest fault—caused many of those crimes by advancing the official assertion that there were "necessities of war" which were beyond international law. It

put the violation of the principles of justice and humanity in fixed formulæ and thus to a certain degree approved it. But there is also no doubt that among the adversaries of Germany and those who affect to be judges because they are the victors there were men who, before the beginning of war, advanced practically the same opinions as the German General von Bernhardt, whose works we only read when foreign countries had discovered them. M. André Tardieu, *e.g.* in the Parisian journal "*Je Sais Tout*," expressed on August 15th, 1912, similar ideas to Bernhardt. He wrote about dropping bombs from aeroplanes: "The Peace Conference at The Hague (1899) prohibited the dropping of bombs from aeroplanes as inhuman. But meanwhile our aeronautics have made wonderful progress. Dirigibles, monoplanes, and biplanes have become terrible arms, and it would be absurd and impracticable if we should try to take those advantages away from those who have made greater progress in the perfection of this weapon. If war broke out, France would rely upon its air-fleet to secure its victory, and why should we not, as submarines are allowed to fight where and in what manner they like, permit the aeroplanes a similar freedom?" M. Tardieu also mentioned that in former wars churches and monuments of art were destroyed, and he wrote: "These actions of violence would be repeated to-day, and certainly no army of any nation whatever would discard them." As to the right of the military leaders to disregard the civil population, he says: "Quand on sent peser sur ses épaules une responsabilité aussi formidable que celle dont sont investis les généraux modernes, on agit de son mieux sans se préoccuper de ménager les tiers et avec l'unique souci d'arriver au but le plus sûrement possible." In similar words he proclaimed for the naval war the right of the stronger: "Here as everywhere else the right of the stronger is decisive." He wrote that England had never troubled about rules. According as it is a neutral or belligerent Power, it changes its doctrines.

Let us also remember that in the capitals of the countries of the Entente, murder and theft are nearly as frequent as in German towns. From this fact we argue that the war has everywhere roused the bad instincts of man and nowhere improved his morality. If there are in Germany still worse conditions of life than in the countries of the victors, we must realize that the long hunger has produced demoralizing fruits, and we must add to the war experiences the enervating effect of revolution and defeat. But if we oppose here the arguments which may justly be put forward against Germany with other arguments, the English people must not think that the adherents of the German democratic Republic intend to conceal real crimes, protect real criminals, and excuse real violations of the laws of humanity as "military necessities." We may regret and protest against the demand that only Germany shall be forced to punish its war criminals. But we cannot deny that Germany is deeply interested in clearing up every question of guilt and using the whole power of the law for that purpose, as it is most necessary for a young democracy to be free from falsehood.

The indignation with which Liberals and Democrats in England and Italy, as well as public opinion in America and all the neutral countries, looked upon the demand for extradition and the fantastic list—in which is also mentioned among many other persons the pacifist Count Max Montgelas, who was forced to leave the service in Northern France on account of his pronounced love of justice—was not without success. The Allied Governments now give up extradition, and they leave it to Germany to bring the accused persons before the Supreme Court of Justice at Leipzig. But it seems that some statesmen do not relish this liberating gesture by which all nations distinguish themselves in the best hours of humanity. The Allied statesmen gave their decisions a form that gives the impression that German judges are to inflict punishment without exact inquiry, by order and moral compulsion, and to look upon each accused person in advance as a guilty criminal. The Note says that if the guilty persons are acquitted, the Allies intend

to bring them before their own Court of Justice. It is also said that the Allies reserve to themselves all the rights which result from the treaty of peace. In this connection the phrase can only mean that the Allies intend to use force and make reprisals if the German judges do not send a sufficient number of accused persons to prison. Is this compatible with justice? The Goddess of Justice is indeed represented with a bandage before her eyes. But a judge must not be forced to sentence blindly, with a bandage before his eyes, too. On other pictures the Goddess has a sword in her hand. But now the sword hangs over the head of the judge as over the head of Damocles, and an order goes out to the Court of Justice: "Punish or we punish your country." We have always looked with admiration upon English legal procedure, developed, as it was, in long years of tradition. But the menaces implied in the Note of the Allies are incompatible with the high conception which England cherishes of the freedom of a judge.

An inter-Allied Commission will be appointed in order to compile the materials for the prosecution before the Supreme Court of Justice at Leipzig. That is a very good arrangement, but only on condition that the Supreme Court is allowed to examine the different accusations. For how can a court of justice pass an opinion if it is not allowed to examine the charges? Where is there any security of justice for the accused persons if the materials, which the accuser collects, must be admitted as decisive without examination? All these questions of procedure must be arranged beforehand. The Allies must be convinced that the German court of justice will punish each crime with the greatest scrupulousness, but the accused persons must also know that they enjoy the same protection as is given in the courts of justice of all civilized nations, even to the greatest criminal. Nearly all the reactionary and nationalist journals in Germany are full of indignation, and they request our Government to reject a Note in which free justice is impugned, the court rendered powerless, the procedure a mere form. These reactionaries and nationalists really hoped that the Entente would persevere in its demand for extradition, for the agitation against extradition was an excellent means of exciting the people and advancing their own projects. German Democrats, of course, do not agree with them in the opinion that the Government must or even can reject the Note, but they want security for a just procedure—just to the Entente and to the German people. The more the German people are convinced that punishment will be inflicted in full independence and after a thorough examination, the more these legal processes will contribute to their political education.

During the last weeks we have read in French journals numerous articles in which it was said that Germany was not carrying out the Treaty, and that France was therefore justified in bringing the Rhine country into permanent possession. The phrase of the Note which says that the Allies reserve to themselves all rights if the guilty persons are not properly punished may easily be interpreted as if the possession of the German Rhine country is reserved for the French. Just because this danger still exists, the Supreme Court of Justice at Leipzig should have full power of finding out the truth, and should not be forced, from want of proof, to withhold punishment. Happily we have heard in England voices of a nature different from these outcries of French Chauvinism. Where this Chauvinism threatens new oppressions of parts of the German population, and new acts of violence, the leaders of English Liberalism and the Labor Party, together with the Italian Democrats, speak of the revision of the Treaty of Versailles. This revision, of course, is the aim of German Democracy. We are convinced that it must come, that it is inevitable, and that only this revision will bring to the world tolerable conditions of life.

Those parts of the peace structure which violence constructed must fall, just as the power and the projects of the German spirit of violence fell. We welcome each word that shows an understanding of the necessity of this revision and prepares for its realization. We welcome it as the first rays of the sun which announce the awakening of nature.



## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

AN editor's table in these days is a sort of a guide-map to the state of Europe, which can be marked, like Charles Booth's colored plates of East London, in varying shades to denote the greater or the lesser misery of the people, and the degree to which hunger and disease have hold on them. I turn to right and left, and select three documents from the mass. The first is the account by a Swiss doctor of the child life in Leipzig, the story of the children that live, the children that die, and the children that are half-alive. The second is a picture of the desolation that has befallen the rich and flourishing port of Hamburg. The third is the report of the Friends' Emergency and War Victims' Relief Committee on their visit to the typhus stricken people in the No Man's Land of East Galicia and West Ukraina. I say Committee, but of the three investigators, two—Miss Powicke and Mr. Reynolds Ball—have perished of the disease, and the single record of their visit has been made by Mr. Wallis, the survivor. Save for some talk about trains and disinfectants it is hard to realize that what he describes belongs to the Europe of the twentieth century and not to some stricken field of the Thirty Years' War. But the typhus is real enough, anyway. It marches on from town to town in Poland, the lice carrying it. It comes of course in the track of the war, and in the midst of the Polish Army Corps whose operations help to keep it going. Ukrainian soldiers, prisoners of war or men disbanded, convey it, training back from fighting with Heaven knows whom, Denikin (our ally), Poles, Bolsheviks, or other Ukrainians, and infecting their fellow passengers on the way.

MANY of the wanderers are half-starved, and arrive almost naked at the hospitals, if they ever reach them. These places are mostly dens of filth and misery, lacking doctors, nurses, food, beds and bed-linen, fuel, medicines, disinfectants and laundries, and their sanitary state—the floors slippery with urine and thick with lice—would make my readers physically sick if I reproduced Mr. Wallis's description of it. They can treat only a small proportion of the patients. Thus in Tarnopol, a town of 100,000 people, there are 15,000 cases of typhus, and only 1,500 can be accommodated in the hospitals. When the patients die their clothes are stripped from the dead bodies and sold. As for the peasant people, they seem largely an underground population. Most of the villages have been destroyed by the armies that have passed through and over them; only a small proportion of the soil is cultivated; horses and cattle have almost disappeared. The Polish officers suggest a sanitary cordon to stop the plague going west, and meanwhile the needs of the soldiers come before those of the civilians. Always this damnable war!

"WHY don't you make THE NATION more cheerful?" I am sometimes asked, and I reply that if in one number I could make such a picture of Europe as its readers would not forget, I would lay down my pen and never take it up again. But in fact it is not only misery that one meets even on that *Via Dolorosa*. There is indeed nothing particularly consoling in the state of

politics or the character of politicians. But no man whose pilgrimage leads him amongst the travelled officials who during the last year have been serving the Peace Conference and one or other of the Councils it has set up, can fail to be struck with the signs of an emergence of a new type of governing intelligence. These men have had profoundly interesting and disquieting experiences. They have seen suffering such as never seemed likely to come to a humane and comfortable society, devoted to "science" and "progress." Many of them have done exemplary work, under great strain. In consequence they have undergone a change of view, or even of heart, which has at once softened their characters, and given a new moral impulse to their lives. The bounds of their knowledge have been greatly extended; and there has been created in this country and elsewhere something like an organ of European thought and polity. Most of these men, like Miss Cavell, have gone far beyond patriotism; nationalism they both despise and detest. Having lost insularity they have become knights of a new order; and their cause is Europe's or even the world's, more than England's or the Empire's. From them there is hope, and it is of a finer service than the politicians can render. There in my view lies the hope of the future and thus will arrive the servants and advance messengers of the society to come.

Who shall say that there is no luck in politics? A day or so ago Stockport seemed to be a rather ugly proposition for the managers of the Coalition. It lives on the pleasing fiction of being an equally good thing for Liberals and Conservatives, and as serving each in turn with a plausible imitation of their principles as well as an equitable division of the spoils. Stockport seemed likely to "blow the gaff." A blameless Liberal Coalitionist was chosen to succeed the Liberal Mr. Hughes. But the Tories revolted, forced the Liberal's retirement, and proceeded to put their own candidate in his place. Awkward for Mr. Lloyd George and the theory of the Liberal-Tory *entente*. And then Providence came to the rescue. Mr. Wardle's failing health failed so suddenly and completely as to compel an immediate resort to the Chiltern Hundreds, and therefore a double election. See therefore our fortunate Prime Minister delivered from his embarrassments, and with two Coalitionist candidates, one "Liberal" and the other Conservative, concord restored, and the two sections re-seated at the common table or (perhaps I should say) feeding out of the same trough.

PERHAPS, on the other hand, the medicine applied to a delicate patient may turn out to have been a trifle too strong for him. If Stockport Liberalism stands the kind of Liberal Executive that is provided for it, and accepts this invitation to sell its soul for a seat, it will stand anything, and if Labor and Liberalism, forgetting their quarrel for the moment cannot join forces to defeat this immoral compact, they will do a superfluously good turn to their common enemy. It ought to be easy to carry the two Stockport seats for a good Radical, whom Labor can vote for, and a good Labor man, such as Sir Leo Chiozza Money, who, on the political side at least, appeals almost as strongly to Liberals as to the Labor electorate. Labor may, of course, claim the two seats, but with an obviously smaller chance of striking a decisive blow at the Coalition than if an attempt were

made to rally and combine the anti-Coalitionists, and give this trick politics the lesson it deserves. Even in that case the clear duty of Liberals is to vote Labor. Anything rather than the soul-destruction which Mr. George's party and Mr. George's tactics hold out to it.

Does the artist think as he writes, or live as he shows life to be? The question can be answered in half-a-dozen ways; but it is rare to have a simultaneous exhibition of the artist and the man; and also to be able to see his representation of life reflected (a little later) in the history of his times. Yet this is an experience which just now any lover of literature and the drama is able to enjoy. He can read Tchekhov's letters, which exhibit the man; he can study Tchekhov's plays, which contain his studies of Russian life; and he can see in Bolshevik Russia the answer to the riddle of personality and national characteristics which he offers in them. The letters show the literary man at his best, in point of character and will; the plays are the most delicate form of dramatic art which our generation is likely to see; while Bolshevism appears in the nick of time to give the historic corrective to the idlers and sentimental dreamers of "Uncle Vanya" and "The Three Sisters." Is not that a notable triple event in literature?

A FRIEND of A. H. Bullen writes:—

"A. H. Bullen's death is a sore loss to English letters and scholarship. Of late years, our fickle and ephemeral literary salons and circles have taken very little notice of him, simply because the war so crippled his activities with the Shakespeare Head Press. You have to pour out one or two books every year nowadays, or the literary world passes you by. Yet Bullen was of the giant race before the 1914 flood, and now that he is dead, what a fortune he has made over to the nation—nothing less than an entire literature! It is to him that we owe Campion, Hobbes, Middleton, and many others—not to mention one of the greatest anonymous poems in the language, 'Yet if His Majesty, our Sovereign Lord.' He gave us the Elizabethan song-books, as much as if he had written them himself. As a discoverer alone, he was one of the greatest figures literary England has ever borne. But Bullen was an exceedingly fine scholar as well, and his very numerous editions of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists are themselves discoveries, since without his texts and notes (a most unusual combination of knowledge and wisdom), a vast bulk of Elizabethan literature would have been practically inaccessible to modern readers. Yet in spite of all the immortal treasure he has given us, he was always a poor man, because he was always spending his money on new voyages of exploration. I doubt whether he made a penny out of the Shakespeare Head Press, though he attracted the best literary scholars of our generation to it and presented us with perfect editions—in typography and format as well as text, material, and editing—of Nashe, Gabriel Harvey, Buckingham's 'Rehearsal,' and others.

"Bullen was, in fact, the greatest colonist of pre-eighteenth-century English literature we have ever had. As a critic, he was indeed inferior to Mr. Saintsbury, the only other figure with whom he is comparable. But, in criticism alone, he was never in the least dull, pedantic, or crabbed. Personally, he was the most generous and kindly of men, and I remember him saying to me with the pleasantest of smiles that it was the rarest thing for workers in his field to acknowledge the debt they owed to him. He went out of his way to praise and encourage young men interested in our old

literature, and I shall not forget the over-generous way in which he received a small work of my own in that same field. To have lunch with him at Dickens's inn, near the Monument, where he stayed when he was in London, was a rare experience, for he had most of English literature at his fingers' ends, and was a master of quotation. I only hope that the nation will show proper gratitude for his inestimable services, not by speechifying and monument-making, but by keeping his achievement, the Shakespeare Head Press, alive."

A CORRESPONDENT writes me:—

"May I suggest that you are unduly pessimistic in your note on Charles Garvice in this week's NATION. Of course, I agree with you in deploring the vogue of cheap fiction, but surely it exists with an ever increased demand for the good things. I have spent the last seven months, ever since, indeed, I returned from Paris, in editing a little paper which appeals to a public eager for knowledge, though for the most part without much training in literature. We are very closely in touch with our readers, and it may interest you to know that the younger Trade Unionist is very largely represented among them with, of course, a large number of the clerk class. I have learned that there is a really surprising interest in real literature in the most unexpected places. We have some difficulty in finding suitable fiction which I can afford to buy. Our readers kick fiercely if we print the second-rate, and I have been compelled to go back to such admirable story writers as Ambrose Bierce and Sheridan le Fanu."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE NARDACS.

"This great Prince created me a Nardac upon the spot."—THE VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

"AND presently, coming through that part of the City that was most frequented, and seeing the young Men and Maidens walking together, with a very free and cheerful Air, I observed some others, that were neither so young, nor so well-favored, nor of such sprightly Demeanor. These persons seeming to take the shadow of the Doorways and Alleys and so screening themselves from View, were yet in no way marked of the People, so that their Coyness, if such it were, was of their own making. Most commonly they were of a gross Habit, and a red Complexion, something puffed, as with good Cheer, and a shifty Eye, that yet dwelt on the Ground. But 'twas their Manner of dressing that I marked most; for while the most of the Citizens wore their Gowns and Tunics in an easy Fashion, so that they flowed with the Motion of their Bodies, these People seemed as if their Clothes were sewn on to them and then well-starched; thus, for all their hang-dog Look, they strutted in their Walk. But most curious was the Stile of their Coats, which either had patches of Ribband, of a vile Coloring, stitched to their Breasts, or crossing their Bellies in broad Bands, or Shoulder-knots, such as Footmen were wont to wear, or all these Things together, with a profusion of yellow Buttons and a red Stripe down the Length of their Breeches. Yet, in comparison with their Women, they seemed comely enough, for the wind blowing shrewdly, and their Females being muffled in the Skins and Skulls of Beasts, and their Head-gear capped with Feathers, they seemed but half-human, and no sight for the public Walks and Assemblies.

"On my inquiring, with some Eagerness, who these Persons could be, and the cause of their ill Distinction, my Guide answered me with a Smile, that these were the Nardacs, or Notables of the old Order, before the great Change came, and that their Dress and Stripes had been



put upon them for a perpetual Mark of their Villainies; that there were many Grades of these Fellows, such as the Order of the Sponge (for Sycophants) and the Order of the Obe-se, which was the commonest and most useless of all, so that in the Great War the Western Quarters of the Capital were almost wholly given up to them; that this wearing of their Liveries in the public Ways, albeit painful and ignominious, was a mark of Lenity; and that in the early Days of the Republic it had even been proposed that their Pictures be painted by him who had been Court Artist and hung in the national Galleries. But on the Nardacs protesting with Tears that they had rather lose their Heads, and one of them even committing Suicide, this Extremity had been avoided. That being of a jealous Nature, next to their Delight in getting an Order, their chief Pleasure was to look down on a fellow Nardac, that had a lower one, or had been passed over by the Minister, and had in consequence died of Chagrin. That though some of these Men had been good Citizens in their time, that had done Service to the State, and erred only in Vanity, others (their Women abetting) had committed every Crime known to the Ancients, and a few others that had since been invented; that some had bought Goods at a low Price, and palmed them to the Poor at a Great; that One or Two had sold their Parties, and Most of them (having nothing more precious to dispose of) their Principles; that some had killed Men in War, and others (in the more elevated Grades) had ordered them to do it; had levelled Churches, Cathedrals, Villages, and Cities to the ground, or laid waste Lands that had given Food and Shelter to great Peoples; made thousands of Women Widows and Children Fatherless; or starved whole Nations, and blinded, poisoned, and maddened Millions that had done them no Harm. That others were Quacks, that pretended to cheat Death; or Painters and Writers that made Men long for it. That some had owed their Honor to a King's Minister and others to his Mistress; and that the most Part were Hypocrites, that having sought their Title with Prayers and paid for it in Cash to a Minion, has put it all on to their Ladies. That there were so many of them, for they hunted Titles like Truffles, that they threatened to eat up the rest of the Population, and the number of their Knights obscured the Day itself. That these Nardacs corrupted Religion, Art, Politics, Letters, and everything they touched; that they made War possible; that they turned Gold to Tinsel and Tinsel to Gold; and that the Disease, known as Nardacs' Knee, from which these Men and their Women suffered alike, spread like a Pestilence, and bent and softened the Joints of half the Nation. That most of these Nardacs were Persons of no Merit whatever, possessed only of Impudence and a well-lined Purse, and that even in the days before the great Change, so much did these Titles stink in the Nostril that no great or honest Man ever solicited or would accept of One.

"My guide, becoming a little heated with his Argument, I had let him run on; yet I was fain to inquire whether no Pains had been taken to abate this Scandal, and whether all the States had been equally subject to it. To which he replied that it had indeed been thought at one Time, to issue a Proclamation, so as to diminish the great Abundance of Orders, that they should in Future be worn on the Breeches instead of on the Breast of the Nardacs, but that a Commotion ensuing in the State and a grand Coalition of High Heels and Low Heels being formed to resist the Motion, it was beat by a small Majority. But in any case the Minister had been informed in a very private Manner that no harm would come of it, for that so long as an Order was in due Form and had the Royal Sign on it, the Stile and Place of wearing it was a Matter of no Importance whatever. And as for those States that had no Orders their women were wont to marry Nardacs, and so kept the Breed alive, which otherwise would have become extinct from the general Contempt.

"At this point a venerable Nardac approached us, and holding out his plumed Hat, of a curious and ancient Pattern, solicited our alms. I dropped a small coin in it, and rejoined my Guide."

### "BAD DREAMS."

A GREAT London newspaper has sent out a representative into England to try to discover the new world. He has somewhat the function of Noah's Dove; and like Noah's Dove in the familiar hymn he seems to "flit between rough seas and stormy skies." He has not indeed yet reached North Britain or Glasgow and may perhaps be cheered by that queer laboratory of mobile matter which has developed along the banks of Clyde. But in London and the Midlands, and even in progressive Manchester, he discovers little to reward his enterprise. In the kingdom of the Spirit it is as if the war had never been: except perhaps that amongst definite post-war organizations the competition has become fiercer for extorting higher terms for companions of the great war. Idealism is indeed preached—by the same idealists. As in Anatole France's simile the squirrel revolving round its cage and feeling the cage move under him, calls it progress. The little societies which stand for international right, the prevention of future war, understanding between nation and nation, the re-establishment of human brotherhood continue their efforts in dingy back rooms and with limited funds. Their members are the salt of the earth. But the world refuses to be salted. The "Man in the Street" remains to-day in the Street, and of the Street. He has been scattered all over the world. He has seen, with the Psalmist of old, the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. He has endured unspeakable suffering and looked into the face of Death. Now he has returned—such is the verdict—and into the Street again. The painter who is desultorily redecorating your house, reveals in conversation that he fought with beasts in Asia. The man who arrives suddenly on summons to repair your water supply announces on examination—and only after being questioned—that he was "gassed" in the Salient. The fishermen in a half-alive sea coast village will tell you how he served in a mine-sweeper off the coasts of Palestine.

Our people have gone out into this adventure in the most remarkable mental migration the world has ever seen—from Hoxton to Archangel or Manchester to Bagdad. They have come back and the future has soldered up with the past, omitting the experience of that time as a dream when one awaketh or a tale that is told. Everyone prophesied what he would do when he "came home." Each prophet asserted that he would do exactly what he desired. When he "came home" he had no wish to do anything except what he did when he went away—only perhaps a little more so. He will see football matches by hired performers, as before, only a little more of them. He will pack in twice the number of spectators at double the fee; he will attend mid-week matches as well as those on Saturday afternoons, and in such numbers as to cause consternation to the business men of great cities lest a cup-tie or an important League match be fixed in their district. In Sunderland they computed that some £100,000 was lost to trade and industry by such a disaster—a match fixed on a full working day. He will work, and indeed be glad to find a "place" kept open for him, and he is working to the extent of many millions to-day. But he is not going to damage himself with work, after his experience of war; and neither on time work with special rates for overtime nor on piece-work in which by extra effort he can earn extra wages, can he be cajoled to increase his income by unusual energy. For the rest, the cinemas flourish, "Chu Chin Chow" attains its fourth or fifth year of continuous performance, and "Charley's Aunt" is revived for the five hundredth time. Complaints against high prices and insufficient houses and demand for increased wages decide elections and exercise the minds of men. While outside these islands, Europe perishes, and plague and famine stalk through the nations. Meanwhile the Church preaches the need for the Christianization of Japan in order to avert another war, Christians (on this comforting theory) never waging war with each other.

There is much in such a picture to justify the taunt of a soldier who had been fighting, in a recent remarkable

letter in THE NATION. We who care for ideals—he asserted—such ideals as the Brotherhood of Man, the duty of each to help all, the determination that “never again” shall a foul and brutal arbitrament settle international disputes, are merely flies buzzing against a closed window. The result of war is not a determination to destroy war. On the contrary it feeds on its own memories. The older men will soon be telling the boys of their heroic deeds, done in an enterprise which begins to stand out, romantic and colored, amid the drab days of peace. France threw up the sponge after twenty years of fighting, “too fatigued,” as Marmout said in the crowning scene of “L’Aiglon” to the fiery non-commissioned officer of the Napoleonic wars. But the reply of Flambeau which recounted the amazing tenacity and endurance of the French armies as they spread over the world, in desert thirst and northern cold, was the reply given by all the veterans of the great army to a Europe growing very speedily tired of dull peace. It was not the men who had no experience of suffering: it was the men who had the extreme endurance of suffering, who rekindled the great wars after the thirty years’ silence which succeeded Waterloo. And so may be the history of Britain at least, if not of Europe, in lack of a conscious will and self-determination towards ideal aims. For war does not breed ideals either during its duration or when it is over. Thus it would appear that the sole result of each world catastrophe may be to produce material hunger, but in no respect moral change. It was after the forecast of a cosmic upheaval, when the stars had fallen from heaven like untimely fruit and the sun been turned into darkness and the moon into blood, and this followed by a New Heaven and a New Earth, that the author of the Apocalypse issued his strange challenge. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still. That—according to this testimony—is the condition of England a year after the last shot has been fired in the Great War.

One may, perhaps, agree with much of this diagnosis without accepting its pessimistic conclusions. The men who thought that ordinary folk could be frightened into organization against war by fear of the consequences of any future conflict were similar to those who in all ages have thought that people could be frightened into an austere morality by fear of unending torture. There were a few in each case to whom the appeal came home. In neither case was it a moral appeal. The majority in the old days trod the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire heedless of ascetic preaching or hopeful that at the last something would turn up to avert its application to them. And so the majority to-day have gone back to the only life they have ever known, and leave the ardent few to preach to an absent audience of the things which belong to their peace. It is a good-tempered English crowd, after all, which has forgotten the tragedy of dead comrades and the misery of trench warfare, in the excitement of witnessing one team of hirelings beat another on a Saturday afternoon. It is a good-tempered English family that delights in the balcony in the rough humors of “Charley’s Aunt,” and prefers it to a “problem play.” No race in the world has been so successful as the British in putting “realities” aside, and refusing to face facts which might paralyze action. And that was as true before the experience of the war as to-day. We have but reverted to type. “The French succeed in doing it,” says a character in one of Mr. Galsworthy’s early novels, “and the Russians: why shouldn’t we?” To which comes the reply of the true Briton: “What’s right for the French and Russians is wrong for us. When we begin to be real we only really begin to be false. Isn’t life bad enough already?” “There seemed,” says the narrator, “a touching muddle in his optimism—a muddle of tenderness and of intolerance of truth and second-handed-

ness. Like the lion above him, he seemed to be defying Life to make him look at her.” The British nation to-day, like that Trafalgar Square lion, is “defying Life to make it look at her.” It is in the same position as an artizan who has struggled through some dangerous disease, or a City merchant who has had an operation for peritonitis. Such men are filled with queer thoughts as to the meaning of life, and the object of all their energies. But on recovery all such thoughts disappear. The one returns to his machine the other to his merchandise: to take up again life as they left it: the only life they have ever known. To-day the populace, seeking to forget, demand bread and games: other classes money making and accumulation of goods: others dancing or music, or consultation with wizards and spirits or communion with the dead. The idealist gazes with wonder and anger, the wise men with pity and understanding. For he knows with Hamlet that man could be bounded in a nutshell and count himself a king of infinite space, were it not that he has bad dreams. And now he is trying to make them less bad.

#### THE SHRINKAGE OF EARTH.

EVERYONE admires the skill and resource of those who have lately tried to fly from Cairo to the Cape. Five parties have made the attempt. Three failed before Khartum was reached; the “Times” crashed at Tabora near Tanganyika; “Silver Queen II.” made Buluwayo, which sounds almost home-like now, and is only 1,300 miles short of the goal, or about four-fifths of the total way. All failed in the end, but everyone admires the attempts. Everyone has followed the adventures with interest, and sympathized with the difficulties and disappointments—the accidents to machinery, the repeated leakages, the sickness, the whirlwinds, the thunder storms, the dust clouds, and above all the intolerable heat. Bush fires obscured the earth; the tropical haze concealed the Nile; dust-storms rose thousands of feet in air; the flyers were driven to land in wild regions where their direction was lost; they ran the risk of crocodiles and far more deadly mosquitoes; lions came snuffing round the machine as it lay helpless at night; “large bellowing animals” came (it is Dr. Chalmers Mitchell’s own description, and we do wonder what they were); wild natives came, sometimes armed with bows—“Dinkas and cannibals” (who, however, were only helpful, as one usually finds cannibals to be unless irritated). It was in every sense a stirring adventure.

And then consider the speed. During the hours that the “Times” Vickers-Vimy machine was actually flying, the average speed was 75 miles. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell calculates that, if only all went well, the whole distance from Cairo to the Cape could be covered in five days, though each day’s flight lasted only from 6 a.m. till noon; which would give the passengers time to stroll about, glance at the crocodiles and hand cigarettes to the cannibals. Still greater speed would be probable, for Colonel van Ryneveld reports that once, when chased by a dust hurricane, he covered 366 miles in less than three hours. In spite of all accidents and disasters, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell’s journey from Cairo to Tabora took only three weeks, and what are three weeks when one remembers the names of Grant and Speke and Burton: when one remembers the earliest exploration of Victoria Nyanza, or even what the journey to Khartum used to mean? Take that first stage. What thoughts were called up by such names as Luxor, Assuan, Atbara, Omdurman, Khartum only thirty-five years ago; or only twenty-two years ago! Think of Wolsley and his toiling Nile boats, and of Herbert Stewart, and Fred Burnaby, and Kitchener himself! Over the scenes of their struggles and tragedies the “Times” machine sped as easily as a flamingo when, with outstretched neck and legs, it seeks the Mountains of the Moon.

Undoubtedly it is another triumph for that plastic little animal called Man. By mechanical proxy he has to some extent recovered the faculty of flight, which



misguided generations of ancestors lost for him long ago. In flight he is not yet so secure as the albatross, nor so swift as the swift, nor so noiseless as the eagle; but all those qualities will be added to him in time, and he will think no more of launching into the sky for Cape Town than the gannet thinks of launching out from Dover cliffs for Calais sands. As Mr. Johnson, managing director of the Rolls-Royce Company, wrote to the "Times" last Tuesday, "Central Africa has always resisted, with ill-temper, the inroads of civilization." The aeroplane is breaking down that resistance, and old Africa will have to endure it with what temper she may. This year has in its infancy already witnessed a fresh triumph of civilization; or if that triumph is not yet complete, it will be complete before the year is out.

One of the three chief characteristics of advancing civilization has been the increase in man's power of moving rapidly from one place to another. The other two have been the rapid multiplication of clothes and other useful products by machinery, and the elaboration of means for the self-destruction of man's genus. Probably the mechanical reproduction of clothes, &c., has been on the whole the most serviceable of the three, though we cannot withhold our sympathy from the War Office chemists, who had devised gases to poison whole army-corps and bombs to wipe out whole cities just after the late war came to an end. However, they have a future, as Lord Beaconsfield once said of Greece, and we do not question their power to carry their service to civilization so far that man may soon cease upon the earth and the Day of Judgment become unnecessary. But certainly the development of speedy movement from place to place has within the last century been almost as remarkable as the growth of factories or the invention of implements for the destruction of mankind. A century ago, we suppose, it took about three months for mails to reach Natal from London; next year a week may do it. A century ago the journey to Australia was quick at six months; next year it may take a fortnight. It would be curious to inquire whether this astonishing growth of civilization has made the letters better worth reading, or the passengers better worth knowing; but that is too difficult an investigation for the moment.

Without trying to investigate the values of personality, let us rapidly contrast the new method of African travel with the old. Everyone has read the diaries or logs kept by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell and other flyers. We have summarized the main difficulties above—the engine troubles, the heat, the mist, the storms, and so on. Beyond these difficulties, the chief interests were food (the universal interest), and the hasty glimpses of desert, hills, forests, rivers, anthraxes, and herds of animals, seen from above in the relativity of bird's-eye perspective, so that the creatures must have looked like slugs, possessing little but back. In his three weeks' trip, despite accidents and delays, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell covered 2,628 miles, but that was really all he saw, or suffered, or did. Contrast with civilization's growing rapidity the present writer's memory of a journey he made in Central Africa a few years ago. "He who goes to Africa," he ignorantly wrote in those days, "leaves time behind." For the first 400 or 500 miles (till a "fly-country" was reached) he was able to travel by ox-wagon, and it took him two months. Mount an ox-wagon and you forget all time. Like the to-morrows of life, it creeps in its petty pace, and soon after its wheels have reached their extreme velocity of three miles an hour (less than a sixth the rate of Mr. Winston Churchill's new tanks or his "fox-hounds") you learn how vain are all calculations of speed and years. Yet apart from mere speed, the ox-wagon possesses most advantages of an express train, and ever so many others of greater value. An express train would have traversed those 400 or 500 miles in one winter night, and have left only a tedious blank upon the mind. But how can the writer ever forget those moments of intense existence when the twenty-four oxen in the team took fright at the top of a slimy slope ending in a river, and rushed jostling, backing, charging, sliding helplessly down, with

the wagon swaying behind them, leaping over rocks, plunging into holes, swinging round at right angles to the track, and finally crashing into the river with all four wheels in air? Or how in an express or aeroplane could he have won the experience of crossing streams hardly six foot deep and twenty yards broad in a wagon which took a long day to cross, where a train would have leapt a little bridge, and an aeroplane would not even have seen the water? To take the bed of the wagon off the wheels; to spread the "sail" or canvas hood under it so as to convert it into a boat; to launch it and drag it to and fro through the water, loading and unloading on each bank so that all the stuff came over dry; to swim the oxen across; to tie six of them to the long chain and induce them to draw the wheels and frame of the wagon under water through to the further bank; to take off the sail in the water and float the bed into its place upon the beam again—what a lifelong lesson in hydraulics, in the nature of animals, in language, and in self-control!

Dr. Chalmers Mitchell is a most distinguished zoologist, but if he had travelled over Africa only by aeroplane, what would he know about the habits and mentality even of tame oxen? He would hardly understand how to drive a team of sixteen span by shouting the oxen's names without use of rein or whip, much as one might steer an eight without a rudder by calling on stroke-side or bow-side to "put more beef into it." Perhaps he would not even know that the greatest joy you can give an ox or a native child is a lick of salt. He would not have learnt how to catch and harness and sit a riding-ox; nor have felt the significance of the Boer phrase "slaughter-holes" upon the track; nor have discovered why an ox, which loves to wallow up to its nose in slime when at large, will shun the least sign of mud upon the track when harnessed, as a dainty woman shuns a puddle in Regent Street; nor why the ox absolutely refuses to pull when it rains; nor why he will die rather than wet his tail in crossing a stream. Great knowledge Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has already, but as a mere passenger in an aeroplane what could he learn of animals beyond that distant prospect of their backs, and the sound of large bellowing beasts, which he did not even identify? What could the mere flyer know of the beautiful roan antelope, the still more beautiful koodoo, the bluebuck, the lechwe, the hartebeest, the wildebeest or gnu, the stinking water-buck, the reed-buck, the oribi, and the little duiker, or "diver," so called from its way of leaping through high grass and disappearing after each bound? Oh, it is fine to see any deer run, but few joys are so delightful as to watch the easy grace of a duiker disappearing in the distance after you have missed him!

And besides, there are the strange and glorious birds, still to be seen by the humble traveller, in spite of civilized woman's appalling cruelty; and there are gorgeous butterflies hovering over wet patches or touches of salt in the desert; and bees also passionate for salt; and peculiar flowers hanging over the sources of vast rivers. And there are varied specimens of mankind, with varied music, dances, arts, customs, and beliefs. All these varieties and delights (besides the excitement of escaping many horrible diseases) are the reward of the patient, old-fashioned African traveller, but of them the aeroplane flyer will never know. To be happy in Africa a man should have something ox-like in his nature. Like an ox, or like "him that believeth," he must never make haste. He must accept his destiny in time and space as he plods upon his way. He must let time run over him, nor dream that in any other place he could be happier than where he is.

We all love flying and the flyers. We honor the aeroplane. It is one of the finest inventions of man. Though inferior to a bird's wing, it is the best substitute we have as yet. No doubt, Central Africa "which has always resisted, with ill-temper, the inroads of civilization" up to now, will yield as a black but comely woman is expected to. But all these conquests of civilization over space mean the shrinkage of the earth. They destroy a mystery, and wipe out the promise of surprise



from the world's lovely face. In his poem of "Bacchanalia," Matthew Arnold compared the coming of the new age to the inrush of Bacchanals into a quiet country scene at evening. Suddenly over the accepted peace of the quiet world, the new spirit swoops and gyrates:—

"See! on the cumbered plain  
Clearing a stage,  
Scattering the past about,  
Comes the new age."

All very splendid and beautiful, no doubt! But "Ah, so the silence was! So was the hush!" sighs the poet. As someone has written of the earth, "That wild star which was our mother, is vanishing from under heaven. She is losing the incalculable variety, the careless incertitude which made the life of her sons so dangerous and so sweet." One remembers the preparations for journeying across Africa in the olden days—the careful selection of kit and baggage, the provision for food, the preparation for carriers here and oxen there, the rifles, the shot-guns, the tents. Every day's march was an adventure, a liberal education, a strain upon character. In a year or two the puffy citizen will be flown passively high in air above those wild and adventurous scenes. He will receive news by wireless, and hardly feel separated from the "Times." He will hold sweepstakes on the length of the daily course, and enjoy buttered toast with his afternoon tea. It will hardly be worth while to pack a suit case for the trip, and Central Africa will have ceased to resist the inroads of civilization.

## The Drama.

### TCHEHOV ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THE latest performance of the Art Theatre, given on Sunday and Monday at the Court, resembled very strongly the version of "The Seagull" given some months ago at the Haymarket by the same society. It was patchy, crude and puzzled. With a few exceptions the actors and actresses were clearly at a loss to know what to do with their parts. They went on and on, hoping for the best, but beating the air and speaking words without any meaning whatever. Naturally, one is ready to blame the production, the translation, the English atmosphere—anything except the author; because we have now so firmly grasped the fact of Tchekov's genius that we stand baffled by anything of his which does not completely attain its intended effect. It may be said that in this we are wrong, and that the fault really is Tchekov's. I do not think this is so. Whenever the performers were giving all they could give—when they ever caught hold, that is, of a definite emotional point—there was no doubt that the play held the audience perfectly. This was so, even in the curious parting speech of the Baron to his *fiancée*, when, going out to fight a duel, he bids her give instructions regarding breakfast. The speech was a reduction to the prosaic at a moment of tension which might well have made a nervous audience titter. It did not do so. What failed to hold general attention was precisely the technical method which gives Tchekov his special value as a dramatist. It seems as though no English producer had yet observed this method. All the irrelevant remarks with which each person cuts across the general complex were given on Monday, as usual, as though they were also artistically irrelevant and rootless remarks; whereas, properly spoken, they should provide the key to every individual heart and relate the speaker to the complex. In Tchekov's plays there is always a detachment to which the ordinary human being does not attain. There is the philosophic picture. But this is composed entirely of the tiniest and at the same time the most significant exemplifications of egoism; and unless the actors com-

prehend that what they say has its part in the whole, as well as its individual value, they are fatally scattering the author's very scrupulously ordained effects. Tchekov wrote for orchestra. He is the nearest thing in literature to a symphonic composer. As long as he is acted as if he were a mixture of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and sheer drivelling misery, he will be misrepresented, just as a composer would be misrepresented if all the instrumentalists were ignorant of the principles of counterpoint.

You could hardly have a more typical expression of Tchekov's dramatic genius than "The Three Sisters." It is more mature and interesting than "Ivanov" or "The Seagull," and it has much of the richness of "The Cherry Orchard." It is beautifully ordered and full of contrast and essential reality. But if actors miss their way in its psychological web they are bound to make the whole thing seem disjointed, tame, and incomprehensible. There were several very clever individual performances on Monday, and all, I think, were marked by sincerity of effort. There were frequent unconvincing intonations; there were grotesquenesses of appearance and exit due to the fact that the actors did not quite know why they were coming on to the stage and leaving it; and there was a fairly universal timidity which took the form of remaining frigidly transfixed and comically gloomy and of letting words drop out of the mouth as though they were words which had been memorized but not understood. On the other hand, there were notably good moments in the play, and the conclusion, with the three sisters grouped in their tragic bewilderment, was very moving. Miss Helena Millais showed skill in portraying a young, selfish, and graspingly tyrannical wife in successive stages of her domestic power for unintended evil. Miss Dorothy Massingham, although displaying difficult constraint in the first act, improved steadily, and was quite brilliant in her moments of tortured suffering. Mr. William Armstrong, a schoolmaster, Mr. Felix Aylmer, a soldier, and Mr. Leyton Cancellor, an army doctor, all gave extremely clever studies which showed understanding and imagination. The sudden ferocities of Mr. Aylmer, and the soliloquy of Mr. Cancellor were first rate. All these were difficult parts, and all were rendered in a way which made them distinctly individual and yet subordinate to the play as a whole. Miss Irene Rathbone worked very hard in the part of the second sister, and almost "brought it off," but not quite. It is difficult to be persistently lugubrious with distinction and without looking silly, in England. If these actors could all have witnessed the performance, and gone home with the whole play in their heads and in their hearts, they might with many more rehearsals have presented "The Three Sisters" in an entirely creditable manner.

No doubt the great difficulty with all play-producing societies is the insufficiency of rehearsal. It is absurd to expect inspired performances when work is done at high pressure. One should, perhaps, be thankful for small mercies and good memories. But, more than that, there is this difficulty of general conception. It is splendid that we should be shown Tchekov's plays. But productions showing such uncertainty of aim, such weakness of attack, such frequent crudity, injure Tchekov as much as they can help him. The words come rattling down like pebbles, or they are moaned in a way which invites a self-conscious audience to giggle; the actors are stilted and crestfallen throughout. Until, therefore, the plays are properly focussed, they will never be seen with satisfaction. Once their artistic quality is grasped by the producer we shall be on the road to the recognition of a technical method which, because of its originality and its power to illumine general as well as individual psychology, may have far-reaching effects. The producer, however, must have a similar detachment to Tchekov's, and a deep insight into the human mind; and he must further be able to read the score of the play as the conductor of an orchestra reads the score of a symphony. Only then shall we see Tchekov's plays as we ought to, and in a becoming mood.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## Communications.

### CAN LABOR GOVERN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—That is a question to which a reply will have to be given during the nearest future in Sweden, where Mr. Hjalmar Branting, the leader of the Swedish Socialist party has formed the first genuine Social Democratic Cabinet in Europe. I write intentionally *Social Democratic* and not *Labor*, as the latter expression does not convey, at least in England, the whole meaning of this notable occurrence.

As this change in government has not taken place as a result of an election or an adverse vote against the former Government, it may perhaps be necessary to explain the political situation in Sweden. When after the general elections in September, 1917, the then Conservative Government retired, the position of the political parties in the Second Chamber, which is the House of Commons in Sweden, was roughly this:—

Social Democrats	...	...	87
Left Socialists	...	...	5
Liberals	...	...	65
Conservatives	...	...	55,

to which has to be added two small groups of peasant farmers who mostly vote together with the Conservatives, making altogether a House of 230.

Mr. Branting, as the leader of the largest party, was asked to form a Government, but declined to do so, and the result was the formation of a Coalition Government, consisting of seven Liberals, among whom Professor Edén, the Liberal leader, became Prime Minister, and four Social Democrats, among them Mr. Branting, who became Minister of Finance. Mr. Branting had, however, to retire after a few months on account of ill-health, and Mr. Thorson, another Socialist, took his portfolio.

This Coalition Government has worked exceedingly well together, and has carried several important measures, *e.g.* the enfranchisement of women, the reform of the First Chamber (the Upper House or Senate), which has become decidedly democratized, the legal eight hours day, &c.

The apparent reason for the breaking up is the disagreement between the Liberals and the Social Democrats in the Government over a measure of a thorough and far-going reform of the municipal taxation prepared by the Minister of Finance, to which the Liberal members of the Government did not find it possible to agree. The division of opinion has been known for a long time, but both parties agreed to an armistice until the bill legalizing Sweden's adherence to the League of Nations was passed by the Riksdag, which took place last week. The Coalition Cabinet then resigned, and Mr. Branting was asked by the King to form a Government.

In this he as Premier takes with him from the late Government Baron Palmstierna as Foreign Minister—Baron Palmstierna was Minister for the Navy in the late Coalition Government—Mr. Thorson, now as before Minister of Finance, Mr. Olsson, still as Minister of Education, and Mr. Undén, who was Minister without a portfolio, as Minister of Justice. Among the other members are Mr. P. A. Hansson, up to now Mr. Branting's successor as editor of "Social Demokraten," who becomes Minister for the Army; while Mr. Friksson, a working man from the mining district, becomes Minister for the Navy. Among the eleven Ministers, of which the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, consists in Sweden, five may be said to belong to what are generally styled "intellectuals"; while six are genuine working-class representatives, because both Mr. Thorson, who has been an unusually successful Minister of Finance for more than two years, and Mr. Hansson, are from this class and entirely self-educated. But the whole eleven are Social Democrats of long standing and not a mixed crew of old believers and recent proselytes to the new faith.

How long the innings of this eleven will last is difficult to say. They may be bowled out over the above-mentioned municipal taxation bill, because, as is seen,

Mr. Branting does not command an absolute majority against the other parties, or they may not. Whatever the result the triennial general elections take place this autumn, and it is quite on the cards that Mr. Branting will then return at the head of a larger and stronger party.

About Mr. Branting himself it is not necessary to speak. He is well-known all over Europe, because at the same time as he is a thorough Swede he is a European, a great statesman that any country might be proud of. Whatever may be the fate of this first experiment in Social Democratic Government it will be highly interesting and well worth watching. In Sweden, where fifteen years ago it was considered that even Liberals were totally unfit to govern, as that was the absolute privilege of the Conservatives, the King will from now preside at the Cabinet Council, as he has to do constitutionally, with eleven Social Democrats, among whom are six working-class representatives, as his constitutional advisers. What would America say to such a state of things?—Yours, &c.,

HUGO VALLENTIN.

## Letters to the Editor.

### MR. GARVICE'S NOVELS.

SIR,—“Wayfarer” expresses the ignorance of himself and his friends about the late Charles Garvice; and for himself as a famous publicist he quite properly seems rather ashamed of this perfect unacquaintance with an outstanding social phenomenon. He brackets Charles Garvice and Mrs. Florence Barclay together. This he should not do. Charles Garvice had an immensely greater hold on the public than Mrs. Barclay, and for reasons which are creditable to both author and public. The work of Charles Garvice has little artistic importance; but he was a thoroughly competent craftsman. He constructed well and wrote clearly and not inelegantly, and he had a certain imaginative faculty. Artistically his novels are at least on a level with scores of novels which have been seriously reviewed in your columns, and with some which people are seriously discussing in circles that deem themselves enlightened this very day. Further, Charles Garvice was utterly free from any sort of snobbery, intellectual or otherwise. Further, both directly and indirectly, by his own freely-given energy and diplomatic skill, he accomplished a very great deal for the improvement of the conditions under which authors work. “Wayfarer” laments the loss of “that precious thing, a common national standard of good literature.” There never was any. Good books, not excluding the classics to which “Wayfarer” specially refers, are as highly and widely esteemed to-day as ever they were—probably more so.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

12B, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.

March 8th, 1920.

[“Wayfarer” writes: “I am glad to hear such good news of Mr. Garvice's work, on such excellent authority as Mr. Bennett's. But I think I am right in saying that the multiplication of mechanical writing, such as Mr. Garvice's work appeared to be, has tended to overlay a national standard of literature. I think, to take one of my examples, that ‘Pickwick,’ though it is an almost perfect example of the combination of the classical novel, lineally descended from earlier work, and of the great ‘popular’ book, is much less of a ‘national’ possession than it was, and that this fact is due, in no small degree, to the process of ‘standardization,’ of which, I imagine, Mr. Garvice's work was a chief example.”]

### EPSTEIN'S CHRIST.

SIR,—Mr. Clutton-Brock's essays are always delightful and instructive reading, but for once I cannot agree with him. I refer to his article on Father Vaughan's criticism of Epstein's statue of Christ in last week's NATION. Mr. Clutton-Brock seems to me to hold the view that an artist may represent a type of character with head and features which convey exactly the opposite. Surely, this is a novel



theory. I do not profess to know anything about art, but I have studied all my life types of heads and have collected the portraits of celebrities of all kinds and all ages and classified them according to their known pursuits and character. I am also fully aware that the artist need pay no heed to science and can give free licence to his imagination. But Father Vaughan's protest, in which I join, is against a sculptor representing, let us say, a lamb with a bull's or a lion's head, and that of a dreamer and visionary with the outlines of a prizefighter's cranium.

Mr. Epstein has not favored us with an explanation of his conception of Christ, but, supposing this statue had been excavated from an ancient tomb and I were asked to give an opinion what type of man it represents, I should point to the small dimensions of the head, the predominance of the basal (i.e., animal) region over the frontal (the distinctively human brain area), to the lengthy jaw and limbs, and express my conviction that there is nothing "divine" or even "humane" in these configurations, but that they point to an energetic, physically strong man of a practical, unemotional, rather sceptical type of mind, possibly gifted with "mechanical" talents, but certainly not inspired by lofty thoughts and given to preaching grand moral doctrines.

This is my humble view as a scientist, and I am quite willing to be enlightened on the canons of art.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

57. Wimpole Street, W. March 8th, 1920.

#### DYERISM.

SIR,—Under the above heading "M. S. P." writes a letter in your issue of February 28th in which he, after deliberate exaggeration of the treatment of Europeans—one notes not only Indians are guilty of exaggeration—ends up by saying that those who know India firmly believe that in a brief space of time it will be no place for the white man, far less the white woman. He means those who *profess* to know India.

What he says is true, but not the whole truth. He has made a prophecy, which will surely come true as far as men like himself are concerned. The day is rapidly coming, and in some parts has come, when we will not accept any prestige based upon a consciousness of race superiority and assurance of the support of force of arms. That is nothing but sheer Germanism. The only prestige to which we can bow our heads is that of moral superiority and spiritual uprightness. So for white men whose God is their color or their gun India will have less and less room, but for those who love her and are serving her people with the sense of a calling, no matter what the calling may be, there is always room. We have eyes to see and hearts to feel who are our well-wishers, but to the snob and the supercilious "Sahib," who is no "Sahib" in the real sense of the word, India can offer nothing but vexation of spirit.

I have had the exceptional privilege of meeting Britishers of all shades of opinion in India, in France during the war for five years, and also in Britain, and I have met with a large number who have a sincere affection for India and desire to give her their very best. These we welcome with open arms, for they touch our hearts and we are ready to respond to them. But there are others who have gone out to have a good time, to enjoy the privileges of a ruler in a conquered country. To them every Indian is a nigger, one to be kept in his place, and for these there will not be room.

If "M. S. P." would only go outside the clique in his club and look round a bit he would find hundreds of his countrymen and women in India to-day, driven there by a deep sense of privilege to serve her people. But they are what he or his class can never be—respecters of human personality. He would also find many hundreds of Indians who are bound to Europeans and Americans by ties of friendship too intimate for a mentality like his to appreciate. India still needs "white" men and women who have hearts white as their faces, but black hearts under white faces are certainly not going to help or enrich us or to lift us up in our weakness. India will be none the poorer for the departure of men—and women—like "M. S. P."—Yours, &c.,

"AN INDIAN."

March 4th, 1920.

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The Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of the above sums, which have been forwarded to the Treasurer of the Fund, at 12, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C. 2.

#### Poetry.

##### ALMSWOMEN.

AT Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,  
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends  
Of all the village, two old dames that cling  
As fast as any true-loves in the spring.  
Long, long ago they passed three-score-and-ten,  
And in this doll's-house lived together then;  
All things they have in common, being so poor,  
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.  
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise  
Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

How happy go the rich, fair-weather days  
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze  
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers  
As mellows round their threshold; what long hours  
They gloat upon their steeppling hollyhocks,  
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood and stocks,  
Fiery dragons'-mouths, great mallow leaves  
For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,  
Shagged Esau's hands with five green finger-tips.  
Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.  
As pleased as little children where these grow  
In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,  
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots  
They stuck eggshells to fright from coming fruits  
The brisk-billed rascals; yearning still to see  
Their neighbor owls saunter from tree to tree  
Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane  
Long-winged and haunting.

But when wild months wane  
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm  
Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,  
And listen for the mail to clatter past  
And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast;  
They feed the fire that flings a freakish light  
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,  
Platters and pitchers, faded calendars  
And graceful hour-glass that never errs.

Many a time they kiss and cry and pray  
That both may be called in the self-same day,  
And little linnet tinkling in his cage  
End too with them the friendship of old age,  
And all together leave their little room  
Some bell-like evening when the May's in bloom.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

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## APHORISTIC LAUGHTER.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

FOR years I have suffered from the affliction of telling the truth. Convalescence is pleasant.

In some matters men are always babies. This accounts for the belief in the maternal instinct.

A man must be very adventurous to tell the truth. To tell the truth a woman must be very plain—thus she has no necessity for falsity, and makes a virtue of necessity.

A charming young person recently told me that she disagreed with all my ideas. But she was careful to leave me no alternatives. Antagonism is intoxicating.

Idealism is a splendid emotion for solitude. To share is to dispel illusion.

Most women expect the earth. Why do they not realise the fortune of an occasional fragment of heaven?

Women are perfect actresses. So it is natural they should love the theatre where they are amused by the unnatural misrepresentation of themselves.

The average musical comedy is an unmusical tragedy of stupidity and cupidity.

Profiteering is now a necessary vice. One must profiteer to pay the other profiteers and meet the Income Tax collector without a blush.

Old men are either fools or cynics. I have not met many cynics.

Truth has become a stranger. It is therefore almost as amusing to write the truth as to listen to a good lie. I lead an amusing life.

I occasionally converse truthfully, but it requires much explaining, and—the day is so short.

My views on any subject can be stated in five words: "I disagree with most people." This is no proof of insanity.

I do not really like commercialism, but I appreciate even salt caviare and a Rolls Royce. And so I am commercial—occasionally.

My only objection to business is that it interferes with pleasure.

Figures are fascinating: they are the only fascinating things that do not lie.

Wisdom is negative unless it enables one to appreciate the joy of foolishness.

Having become mathematical in my laughter, I may mention that the charges of this House have not yet reached the heights of giddy Bolshevism. Lounge Suits, from £12 12s.; Dinner Suits, from £16 16s.; Dress Suits, from £18 18s.; Riding Breeches, from £5 15s. 6d.

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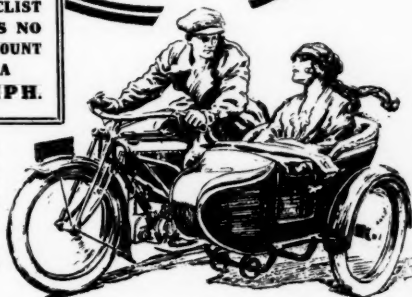
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## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Essentials in Art." By Professor Oswald Sirén. (Lane. 12s. 6d.)
- "From Authority to Freedom: The Spiritual Pilgrimage of Charles Hargrove." By Dr. L. P. Jacks. (Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)
- ✓ "My Campaign in Mesopotamia." By Major-General Sir Charles V. F. Townshend. (Thornton Butterworth. 28s.)
- ✓ "Naval Operations: To the Battle of the Falklands, December, 1914." Vol. I. By Sir Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans. 17s. 6d.)
- ✓ "Wild Life in Canada." By Captain Angus Buchanan. (Murray. 15s.)
- "Pirates of the Spring." A Novel. By Forrest Reid. (Talbot Press. 7s.)

\* \* \*

THE good luck of some of our popular novelists is almost provocative of envy. Each has a following of admirers so large and loyal, so sure that if the novel is not the finest expression of the literary art at least it is the easiest to read, that the publishers are as eager for his next book as though it were a volume of piquant disclosures. These lucky authors can be fairly confident they will be reviewed at length, and almost as confident they will be gravely praised. Their works are published in uniform editions before they have any need to select a hair restorer. And now, as though this were not enough, Mr. Hugh Walpole, while in California, discovers in a bookshop some letters written by Sir Walter Scott. They were letters, too, for which, it is reported, he had been searching for years. News of this discovery is telegraphed all over the world. It is reported in most of the London papers, sometimes with Mr. Walpole's portrait, and with paragraphs to explain to the innocent who Mr. Walpole is, with a list of his works. If this isn't enough to make the young poets, dramatists, and philosophers, struggling for attention, rush in despair to consult, say Mr. Higham, then they must become resigned to their present obscure lot.

\* \* \*

YET could even an expert in publicity help them? It does not seem easy to compete with another man's good fortune, which is not subject to the rules of art, but is a special favor. It is like the Little Welcome nugget; such nuggets are to be found, but it is useless to go out looking for them. Literary fame which expands from the well-deserved to the wonderful through unearthing in a San Francisco shop a packet of letters written by a classical author is simply beyond attainment by virtue and toil, however pure, however hard. The gods either love us, or they do not; and if they do not then they cannot be moved by the most patient sacrificing of midnight oil. Indeed, it is whispered that the gods are sick of the smell of that oil, so that poets might as well hoard it to drink in the coming time when margarine will be too dear to buy. No, it is no good trying to devise such luck, but we are free to indulge in idle dreams. We may enjoy the empty fun of estimating the rush to consult "Who's Who" of numberless sub-editors from Norwich to Vancouver, and thence to Melbourne, Colombo, and home again, to learn, if possible, who and what this lucky stranger may be. While looking wistfully at the little mascot who is supposed to intrigue on our behalf with the unseen, how would it do to insinuate to that intercessor for our good fortune that it would be so nice to deserve a paragraph of this sort in the "Daily Mirror"?

"Everybody is talking about Mr. Marmaduke Tonsil. He has startled the literary world. So dramatic a reward for years of devotion to poetry does not come to a young poet every day. Last week he published his first book, 'A Bouquet for Aphrodite.' Yesterday he went for a shave. He went into a little shop in the purlieus of Soho.

The barber was a Greek, and in talking to Mr. Tonsil offered to show him some antiquities from his native land. The young poet, while examining these, could hardly believe his eyes while scanning an ancient volume. Could it be true? Could it be possible that he had hit upon a complete edition of the long lost poems of Sappho? But such was the remarkable fact. There was even a portrait of Sappho in the book. Our photograph shows Mr. Tonsil looking with delight at Sappho's picture. Mr. Tonsil attributes his luck to the fact that he has always believed in Spiritualism. He told our representative, 'I was led by Aphrodite to get my shave at that shop.' Who can deny it? The Prime Minister has sent Mr. Tonsil a telegram of congratulation."

\* \* \*

THAT sort of thing, if only it could be kept up, would do more for the sale of poetry than if seraphs, on propitious occasions, were to drop down to mortals transcriptions of the sort of songs the morning stars sing together. It is a pity it was not thought of before. A renaissance of art and learning might be begun if only a few such discoveries would coincide. Mr. Rufus Bluff, we will imagine, is going from Liverpool to New York. Following his arrival the following appears in the Press:—

"Mr. Bluff has made a sensational discovery. The details of it have not yet arrived. The famous historian, whose research work among the more shady records of great navigators has aroused a new interest in geography, arrived yesterday at New York. He has gone to America for material for a sequel to his volume, the 'Mistresses of Columbus.' His first important discovery—he admits he cannot hope to better it—occurred on the voyage. In the very ship in which he was a passenger he came upon a packet which proved to contain the love letters of Christopher Columbus. He found them washing about in the bilge of the ship."

\* \* \*

THERE is hardly a doubt that the study of the records of the early navigators might become popular if only research work would prove so likely and interesting as that. Or suppose you had gone for a holiday after publishing a novel which for an unaccountable reason fell flat. That might be very serious for the holiday, but you go into a hotel at Goatville, Pa., radiant luck meets you, and the following item is at once eligible for the American Press:—

"The hell-devices of the Bolsheviks in this country are now plainer than a Red Rad in the directors' parlor of the Oil Trust. Mr. Splay Fumball, the British novelist, by happy chance has saved our country from horrors that would make Gomorrah look like a sewing-circle picnic. The thanks of all hundred-per-cent. Americans should be poured at this Britisher over the counter of every book-store. Mr. Fumball, with that quiet modesty so usual in literary men, says that he wants no greater reward than the spontaneous appreciation of cultured America. Whoop it up, boys! He has discovered, in Goatville, the plans, in Trotsky's own handwriting, by which the Bolsheviks were to have overturned every sacred altar from Utah to Coney Island, poisoned all our school-houses with the writings of the anarchist Tekekov, and brought Steel Trust bonds down to the level of scrap-iron. The Rev. Ophir W. Balldash, of the Church of the Chosen Saints (Goatville) told the Associated Press reporter that Mr. Fumball was taken to the incriminating documents by divine guidance. The novelist found them in an empty spirit bottle in his hotel bedroom while trying to see whether the last occupant had succeeded in entirely resisting the Demon Rum."

\* \* \*

ON the whole, that seems the stuff to give them. It is doubtful whether it would be much use discovering the lost poems of Sappho, but we all know about the Bolsheviks, and such a discovery of more of their horrors would deserve to rise to the dignity of the top of a column in the principal page of the "Times." Of course, there are heights beyond that to which literary ambition might rise, but it would be silly even to dream about them. Miss Sapphire Agate, imagine, has had little luck with her translations of Chinese love poems; and then it is announced in "Boxing Chat" that she is to marry Georges Carpentier! Or suppose Mr. Sharper Brane, whose witty satires of modern society are all unknown except to the discriminating few, one morning has his face in "Movie Life" pointed out to him by a fellow member of his Club. Underneath it is this: "The Author who won Mary Pickford's Heart. Three-Reel Film of their Courtship described in our next number. Don't Miss This."

H. M. T.

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IDEALISM, whether in conduct or philosophy, is out of fashion nowadays. Hegelians begin to have a belated look—strayed revellers with Dundreary whiskers—and a mention of the Dialectic is the signal for an anticipatory yawn. There is, after all, some justification for an attitude which the orthodox Hegelian may regard merely as another aspect of the superficiality of the age. The Dialectic was never particularly clear, and its effect on the minds of those who devoted themselves to studying it seems to have been decidedly muddy. Any young man who sat at the feet of a neo-Hegelian professor at Oxford experienced a kind of luke-warm intoxication at the misty spectacle of everything dissolving into everything else, of Antinomies being reconciled only to quarrel again, of ideas becoming Idea without any visible excuse and then without any apparent provocation being gobbled up by that hideous monster, Phenomenology. When he woke from the trance, he could only murmur: "Golly, what a man!"

Seeing that it is the generation which was passed through this opium-trance which is now arrived at years of discretion, one may question whether the moment is as opportune for a complete translation of Hegel's "Philosophy of Fine Art" as it was, say thirty years ago. The number of young men who will submit themselves to the discipline of reading these four volumes is, we are sure, fewer than the number of their fathers who would have done so, and this in spite of the fact that there is a great deal more talk of aesthetics now than thirty years ago. We hardly know whether to regret this changed condition or not, so far as Hegel is concerned. For Hegel was a queer, twy-natured mortal. While he delighted in the vertiginous and cloudy Dialectic, he had a most unexpected grip upon realities. He was, indeed, a worshipper, even an idolater, of the fact. From a certain angle, an angle at which the subsequent dubious developments of German thought have made it easier for us to place ourselves, the Hegelian metaphysic is hardly more than a transcendental apology for whatever is. Hegel was the first to formulate what we believe to be essentially a contradiction in terms, "The Philosophy of History." A philosophy of history is only history, after all.

A little modest restatement of this kind would be of considerable advantage to Hegel's reputation. It is easy to make fun of the machinery of the Dialectic, but in dismissing that we are in danger of losing touch with what was perhaps the most comprehensive vision of reality achieved by any philosopher since Aristotle. The range and exactness of Hegel's knowledge was astounding; his sense of values all-pervading; his critical penetration unusually keen; and when we add to these fundamentals the incredible and hardly acknowledged fact that he had more than the rudiments of a sense of humor, we may resolve our hesitation and decide that it will be a matter for regret if the four volumes of this admirable translation are not so largely read as they deserve to be.

Hegel's most obvious service in the development of a theory of art was that he broke once for all with the conception of "imitation," which has haunted aesthetics—even Aristotle's—from the times of the Greeks until to-day. We do not know whether it was Hegel's metaphysic or his own experience of art which enabled him so resolutely to denounce the subordination of art to the material world, and to proclaim its sovereign autonomy. To him the essential activity of art was the interpenetration of the objective world with mind or thought, and on this principle he erected a hierarchy of the arts. The most interesting feature of this scheme to a modern mind is his peremptory subordination of music to poetry, which in this context includes prose. Hegel would have had nothing to do with Pater's dictum that the natural tendency of all arts is to approach to the condition of music, because music is completely emancipated from the constraint of matter, and is therefore the art of pure form. Such a

conception would have been unintelligible to Hegel. So far from music being emancipated from matter, it is, in Hegel's view, as subject to its constraint as sculpture itself. Sounds are as material (for aesthetic inquiry) as stones, and an artist who works in them is almost as limited in his task of making them a vehicle for the universality of mind as the sculptor. Music, painting, and sculpture indeed occupy for Hegel a position midway between the extreme arts, architecture at the lower end of the scale and poetry at the higher.

But there is a sense, Hegel argues, in which music is more definitely and solidly an art than poetry. The very fact of its strong anchorage in the sensuous world ensures to it the specific characteristics of art, whereas poetry, in which even the musical element must be severely subordinate, is always in danger of a complete rupture with the sensuous world and passing over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the world of idea. That is a temptation, however, which the poet should instinctively resist. The range of his art is co-extensive with the human consciousness; its vital principle is that it should give significance to the real on the plane of the real.

"Poetry has, in short, not only to wrest itself from the adherence of ordinary thought to all that is indifferent and contingent, and to raise the apprehension of the cosmos of fact to the level of reason's profounder penetration, or to translate speculative thought into terms of the imagination, giving a body to the same in the sphere of intelligence itself; it has further to convert in many ways the *mode of expression* common to the ordinary consciousness into that appropriate to poetry; and, despite of all deliberate intention enforced by such a contrast and such a process, to make it appear as though all such purpose was absent, preserving the original freedom essential to art."

One may see from such a typical quotation as this that Hegel's aesthetic is singularly little pre-occupied with the problem of beauty. He approaches art almost solely under its aspect as an activity, with whose nature and significance we are urgently concerned. As a consequence, his discussion, in spite of its frequent obscurity, is illuminating and profound. It may sound odd to say of such a monster of language that there is much less of merely verbal dexterity in his work than in that of the aestheticians who have followed him; but it is true. He manages to dispose of the question of beauty, sufficiently for his own purposes, within the first few pages of his Introduction, wherein he hardly mentions the word. Art, he says, is the complete penetration of matter by mind, and if one were to ask why this penetration should give rise to an emotion of pleasure in the beholder, he would merely shrug his shoulders and dismiss you for a fool. A human being, by definition, must feel satisfaction at such a conquest and interest in such a revelation. Thus Hegel abolishes the problem of aesthetic emotion, by tacitly denying its existence, and thus he leaves himself free for the more congenial investigation of particular types of art on the basis of his own axiomatic statement of the nature of art.

The path of objection is easy to the logical purist. He may ask whether art is really an interpenetration of matter by mind; he may also ask what is mind and what is matter. But in this our sympathies are wholly with Hegel. We may not be quite certain of his meaning in the sense that we are not prepared to furnish definitions either of mind, or matter, or of interpenetration; but we do know roughly what he is driving at. His axiomatic statement does agree with our unreflecting view of the nature of artistic activity and confirm our instinctive conviction of the dignity of art. As a working hypothesis it will do; we can test it by results.

On the whole, Hegel's results are remarkable. If we take, for instance, his views on the relative position of music, and consider the effects of the opposed dictum of Pater, we can see how sound fundamentally is Hegel's conception. We have had a whole generation of poets involved in the attempt to make poetry approach to the condition of music. No level-headed critic would affirm that much good has come of it. On the contrary, the one outstanding in English poetry to-day, Mr. Hardy, is the one who has most ruthlessly insisted upon the complete subordination of the musical element to the ideal content of his poetry; and it is not merely a coincidence that Mr. Hardy's name is the only one that comes to our lips as we read Hegel's definition of the poet.

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foundly the entire fullness of the spiritual content. . . . But the sphere of the poet's creative activity extends yet further, for the reason that he has not merely to elaborate an ideal world of soul-life and the self-conscious mind. He has, in addition, to discover for this ideal realm an external mode of envisagement fitted thereto, a mode by which that ideal totality shines through in more irresistible perfection than is possible in the case of other arts. It is incumbent upon him to know human existence, both as soul-life and objective life, to receive into his inmost being the full breadth of the world and its shows, and to have felt through it there, penetrated, enlarged, deepened, and revealed to himself all it implies. Only after that, and in order that he may find it in his power to create, as from his own spiritual experience outwards, a free whole—aye, even in the case where he restricts his effort to a comparatively narrow and particular range—he must have liberated himself from all embarrassment with his subject-matter, whether of a technical nature or otherwise, able, in short, to survey the ideal and external aspects thereof with the same free glance. . . . This is a philosophical outlook, a relation of spirit to the facts of the world, which comes more readily to age than youth. For in old age no doubt the interests of life are still present; but they are not there with the urgency of youthful passion, but rather in the guise of shadows, and to this extent are more readily conformable to ideal relations such as Art demands. In opposition to the ordinary view that youth with its warmth and vigor is the fairest season for poetic creation, we may rather, at least from this point of view, maintain just the opposite, that the ripest season belongs to the autumn of old age, provided that it is able to preserve its energies of outlook and emotion.

In fact, when we have cut away from Hegel some of the superfluities of his dialectical movement, we find that he has an alarming trick of appositeness. It is a common experience with critics who first learned to sharpen their teeth on the hard crusts of Aristotle's "Poetics" and have since cast him away, that as they grow older Aristotelian maxims begin to rise from the depths with an unexpected force that comes from the reinforcement of experience; just as in the still more urgent matter of life a man who has put away revealed religion will at his climacteric discover in himself a mysterious allegiance to the sayings of Christ. The life of the spirit and its reactions to the realities of the world are one in spite of the infinite mutations of the ages; and experience brings strange confirmations of the truths that the wise men apprehended, even though they expressed their truths in the language of their time. What is contingent and ephemeral in the statement of their wisdom is retained away; but the relations if not the terms themselves retain their old validity.

We believe that Hegel is one of these wise men, for all that he goes heavily in the cumbrous cloak of the language of German idealism; we also believe that Hegelians are chiefly those who mistake the cloak for the message. But anyone who comes to Hegel's writing on art with a fresh mind and a determination to apply himself only to those things which he sees an immediate hope of understanding, will be richly rewarded for his pains. He will find that although Hegel was writing at the time of the full blood of philosophical idealism and artistic romanticism, things were not so very different then from what they have always been. Hegel's emphasis on the essential rationality of art is as necessary in 1920 as it was in 1820, and his diagnosis of the romantic disease of originality has more than a little aptness to some poetic manifestations of the present day. It should be said that the Irony to which Hegel refers is not the ordinary article, but a poetic theory of Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck and Novalis, according to which the business of the poet is to get possession of his transcendental ego. When he has done this he looks down on his ordinary ego and stands aloof from it. His ordinary ego may achieve poetry, but his transcendental ego must achieve "the poetry of poetry."

"It will not be out of place (writes Hegel) to add some further remarks upon irony which particularly prides itself on presenting us with the very flower of originality on just those occasions when it has ceased to treat any artistic material with seriousness and converts the whole affair into a subject of witticism, only worth notice for the sake of the wit it suggests. Looked at from another point of view this irony rakes together a lot of things which are quite foreign to the essence or matter in hand, things the deeper significance of which the poet keeps to himself, and his notion seems to be that by this subtle exercise of his powers the imagination will be enlarged. And it is just in external associations of this sort that we get what has already been

described as a poetry of poetry, wherein everything that is deepest and most excellent is concealed from us for no other reason than this, that we must not be allowed to look at it because it is so profound. And we really find in Friedrich von Schlegel's poetry, more particularly when he became vain over his title to the rank of poet, that that which clearly is set forth as the aroma of all is just that which is never expressed; no wonder this poetry of poetry turns out to be the flattest prose."

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its temporal authority. And it is a significant fact that in London, in 1641, at the very moment when Church and Crown were crashing down together, there was an unprecedented and riotous outburst of periodical journalism.

Now, if Mr. Kennedy Jones had passed in review the principal epochs in the history of the Press, he would have found that at various critical stages the Press found itself confronted with a powerful enemy which was jealous of its power of expressing or organizing public opinion—as we should say nowadays, mobilizing opinion. First it was confronted with the vested interest of the Church; then of the Crown; and then, in the eighteenth century, of the political party of the day. Each in turn attempted to curb it or use it, and over each in turn the Press finally triumphed, only to find itself confronted with yet a new vested interest. What is its position to-day? Has it really won freedom, or is it once again under the restraint of another vested interest?

Mr. Kennedy Jones says it has won this freedom, and yet he unwittingly shows us that it has not. "Press opinion," he says, "must reflect popular opinion." "Not only is the Press free to censure openly every public measure, but the people, through popular education, are able to read what is written, and by the privilege of well-nigh universal suffrage to express—both men and women—their opinions in an effectual manner." "Public opinion as it is presented in the printed word from day to day . . . has never before in the whole history of mankind attained such enormous dimensions." "The liberty of the British Press seems to illustrate the truth of the argument that freedom postulates the growth of man's higher nature." And so on.

But the author lets the cat out of the bag with engaging frankness. "You must remember," he quotes himself as saying to Lord Morley, "that you left journalism a profession. We have made it a branch of commerce." He rubs this in again and again. He points with complacency to the year 1821 as affording "the first public evidence of the potentiality of a daily paper for creating wealth." He tells us of the large profits which were won by the "Evening News"; how these profits provided the capital to found the "Daily Mail"; how the "Daily Mail," by catering for the interests of women and cultivating the advertisers, became an immense and unassailable property with the power of "shouting at the right time," mobilizing opinion, and helping to make and unmake Governments. Moreover, the existing daily newspapers largely control their own distribution by their hold upon mechanism. "These facilities not only make them less dependent on time and give them wider reach, but also enable them to protect themselves to some extent against new competition, for, by withholding facilities for early distribution, they are able to daunt would-be projectors of periodical papers on a new plan."

The italics are our own. This then is the new-found liberty of the Press. So perfectly is it organized that it can kill at its inception a newspaper "on a new plan." So dependent is the daily Press upon an immense capital for setting up plant, purchasing paper and news, and controlling the machinery of distribution, that a new paper cannot hope to come into existence unless it is backed by capital running at least into hundreds of thousands. The individual newspaper journalist can only write with sincerity if he happens to agree with one of the few newspaper proprietors; and if he ceases to agree with him, his freedom is exposed for what it is worth. The newspaper Press finds once again a lion in the path—the successor of the Medieval Church, the Crown, the political gang—namely, the capitalist who controls the very mechanism of production and distribution upon which the Press depends. Mr. Kennedy Jones neither proclaims this truth, nor hides it; but he proves it.

#### THE GERMAN REVOLUTION.

**The New Germany.** By GEORGE YOUNG. (Constable. 8s. net.)

THE task of seeing Germany as it is for Allied observers in these days one of inordinate difficulty. Some of the English journalists who got across the blockade in the early days after the Armistice carried all their belligerent prejudices with them, behaved in Berlin with a victor's insolence, saw

nothing of German life, and came away as ignorant and prejudiced as they went in. Others, again, reacted so sharply against the conventional propagandist lies still current at home that they went to the other extreme of sympathy. To this inevitable difficulty the revolutionary struggle added another. One had to be either for or against the social revolutionary movement, and if one was at all friendly to it and inclined to listen with attentive ears to the Independent Socialists and the Communists one soon found oneself in an atmosphere much more hostile to the Government and to the new Republic than that of the Allied missions. That might have mattered little if the public at home had always realized that it was reading views formed by a friend of the Soviet idea in a revolutionary atmosphere. Unluckily, these views sometimes appeared in English or American Liberal papers, and the unsuspecting Liberal reader drank in the Bolshevik poison unknown to himself. From the joint working of these two causes the new Germany has had in England a surprisingly bad Press. The Right Wing was hostile for no better reason than that Germans are still Germans. The Left Wing was hostile because they are not Russians.

There were, however, deeper reasons for the confusion. In the first place, the Socialist Independents, among whom the Allied correspondents chiefly moved, are, or lately were, a chaotic and unformed party. The outlook of many of their intellectuals is more pacifist than Socialist. They entered it for the reason that it alone effectively opposed the war, and they have, or quite lately had, a strangely uncritical attitude towards the Allies. Their own view of life is mainly ethical, and in their simplicity they really believed that the oppressions of Versailles were dictated by outraged morality and could have been averted if Germany had made a completer revolution. Their delusion was the stranger after the Hungarian object-lesson. Hungary was blockaded, insulted, and crushed when she chose the pacifist Karolyi as President, and utterly destroyed when she went still further and set up a Socialist-Communist Government composed largely of men who had been in prison for opposing the war. The other and growing half of this party was more or less avowedly Bolshevik, with an outlook not ethical or pacifist, but economic and revolutionary. The foreigner who moved in these circles received mixed impressions very difficult to clarify. He boiled with indignation against Noske and the Majority Socialists, and yet he had to write for a public at home which, if the crisis had been an English attempt at revolution, would have sided with the English Noske against the English Liebknecht.

Finally there was the difficulty of guessing what Germany was, an *und für sich*, in the depth of its own soul. A disarmed, defeated, and blockaded nation does not act. It reacts. It adjusts itself to pressure. It cannot determine its own course; it dare not even think for itself. The original revolution was largely dictated by President Wilson, and Germany became a Republic under the belief, which both he and Mr. Lloyd George had done much to foster, that the sacrifice of the Hohenzollerns and the Junker caste would put Germany right with the world. It answered, doubtless, to the dominant mood of Germany, but none the less, it was hastened by foreign pressure. The attempts at social revolution were armed and subsidized by Soviet Russia, and in Munich even led by Russians. Again, they answered a very powerful tendency in the German working class, but they were fostered and most foolishly precipitated by foreign agency. Naïve politicians rushed ahead because they imagined that a completer revolution would placate the Allies, while sober politicians went more slowly than they wished, because they knew that a too Socialist Government might not be "recognized" at all. Both, in short, responded to foreign conditions. The various solutions of the Federalist versus Centralist controversy were governed by yet another foreign factor—the pressure of France towards dismemberment. In the end the sober, moderate Coalition Government, which united all but the Monarchist and the Revolutionists, probably was the sort of Ministry with which the Entente wished to do business. Though it rested on universal suffrage and proportional representation, however, one cannot be equally sure that it was the sort of Government which the more politically-minded Germans desired.

Mr. George Young in this book has supplied a commentary to this transitional Germany from the standpoint of

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an observer who favors the Soviet idea, and would have liked to see a concentration of power very much further to the left. He has little patience with the rather dull leaders of the Socialist Majority, who played for safety, and conserved the old order of society, with some reformist adjustments, during a long crisis which, the Allies on one side and the Spartacists and Independents on the other, each conspired to aggravate. The decisions taken in Berlin between December and March probably altered the whole subsequent course of European history. If the Independents had been more skilful politicians and had known their own minds, if Liebknecht had been a little less reckless, if the Majority leaders had really been Socialists, the chances are that an All-Socialist Government could have maintained itself, could have won a majority at the polls, and could have made at least a beginning of a social transformation. It is quite another question whether the Allies would have tolerated the experiment; a German Socialist Republic would soon have discovered that its survival depended on its making common cause with Russia. Mr. Young hardly faces that question. Yet, if this daring alternative be rejected, there is not much ground for criticism of the policy which actually was followed. A coalition with the middle-class parties was inevitable. A civil war with Spartacus was also inevitable, and so was the creation of the only force which could have opposed it—a body of mercenary corps. What has come out of the crisis was the only type of reconstruction compatible with Germany's international position. Liberals who believe in their own creed ought to consider it ideal. The Republic has supplied itself with the most perfected and advanced democratic machine in existence, which includes all the latest innovations, from women's suffrage and "P. R." to the referendum and an elected President. It has gone further in using the current Liberal solutions of the social problem than any other non-Socialist State. Works Councils are obligatory and possess some real power, and "Whitley" Councils, for what they may be worth, are embodied in the Constitution itself. As for the paid professional army, that is the solution imposed by the Allies: the Germans, left to themselves, would have preferred a "Swiss" citizen militia. If all this seems as little inspiring to us as it does to the German working-class and to the Socialist intellectuals, we must blame Versailles and not Berlin. This, at all events, is Liberalism, whether we like it or not, and we think that Mr. Young stands two chances in three of being right in his general assumption that this Liberal solution will survive. It will survive, however, not so much because there is conviction behind it, as because it is the middle term between the two really vivid convictions that are alive in Germany to-day—the Monarchist-Nationalist and the Socialist-Internationalist.

Mr. Young, it must be added, is a companionable guide to this unknown land. He saw Germany in the fever of revolution, when to see it was an adventure, and we doubt whether any observer who was there, German or foreigner, saw half so much. He shrank from no risks or hardships, and contrived to penetrate alternately to the inner headquarters both of Reds and Whites. A flight in a Government aeroplane, a journey by the conspirators' "underground" into besieged Brunswick, a rush to Munich when everyone else believed it inaccessible, the penetration of the Spartacist barricades during their last stand of March in the East End of Berlin, compose a chronicle of adventure which would suffice in itself to make a readable and unusual book. To all this enterprise and good luck Mr. Young adds the gift of lively and witty narrative. He draws his portraits with a touch of the caricaturist's art, and the result, if rather cruel, is painfully veracious. He came to his work, moreover, with a background of intimate knowledge of the old Germany, and one of the best things in the book is his contrasted picture of the old ducal Weimar, with its Dresden-china Duchess who lived in a glass case, and the new Weimar of the Constituent Assembly. On the folly of the Peace Treaty he writes with knowledge and with passion. Mr. Keynes from the outside has traced its economic effects. Mr. Young from within has sketched its no less tragic psychical results, the death of hope, the poisoning of the new idealism which had begun to grow up round the conception of the League of Nations, the extinction of the motive and work which could alone have saved the civilization of Mid-Europe, the incitement which it

gives in every clause to the revival of a romantic nationalism. The book is written with feeling and knowledge, and deserves to be widely read. A full translation of the new German Constitution adds greatly to its value.

#### JAPANESE POETRY.

"Japanese Poetry: The Uta." By ARTHUR WALEY. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 6s. net.)

ROSES, in spite of Ben Jonson and Philostratus the Athenian before him, smell of themselves. Like great verse, "simple, sensuous, passionate," their own richness suffices us.

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose,  
For in thy beauties, orient deep,  
These flowers as in their causes, sleep.  
"From a thick brake,  
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,  
Bubbles a pipe:  
"Not that faire field  
Of Enna, where Proserpin, gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomie Dis  
Was gathered."

The same charm holds of violets, of honeysuckle, and Madonna lilies, of most of the flowers of mid or early summer. But there are a few, spring flowers for the most part and of small substance, whose charm is nearer being magical than sensuous. The smell of roses is the smell of summer, here and now: but what of daphne, flowering in the snows? That too is summer, but a summer incredibly blue and fair, somewhere in the Ægean. Flowering currant in February has the essence of August afternoons: it can turn a railway siding on a bleak Antrim coast into the Pilgrims' Road to Kamakura, pungent with the smell of pines and the hot, white bitterness of dust. A single sprig of broom—the hothouse sort—has the East of the Arabian Nights in it: Baghdad, and a damsel with a figure like the letter Alif buying Othmance quinces and peaches of Oman, jasmine of Aleppo, and water-lilies of Damascus, musk and aloes-wood and ambergris. While for narcissus—it is Homer and the fields of asphodel. This is the charm, so tiny in content, so infinite in suggestion, of Japanese lyric.

And that charm is not merely for those who remember, whose mood has been the mood of the poet. It is the charm of Japanese landscape painting: one need not have seen homing sails from a far coast, or the lighting of wild geese on a marshy plain, to find it as sure a road to the infinite as the mathematics men learned from the course of the stars. The charm is in its very indefiniteness: for there is no absolute escape in that which has a beginning and an end. The "We to the Nightingale," diviner though it is than anything the East has given, runs the full circuit of a mood: begins in the inn-garden at Burford on a night in mid-May, and ends there.

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"O nightingale, sing on!  
Not once in the one year  
Shall spring return!"

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A frog leapt.  
List, the water sound,"

where even the alien can feel the grey peace of the temple

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pond and the sudden shattering of silence; though only a Buddhist will know it for the moment of Enlightenment, the scattering of the Illusion of the world. Yet those of us who can ill afford Hokusai are grateful for these—

"The wild geese returning  
Through the wintry sky—  
Behold, they look like  
A letter written  
In faint ink."

Or this—

"On the shore of Nawa,  
The smoke of the salt-burners  
When evening comes  
Failing to get across  
Trails over the mountain."

Or this—

"My thoughts are with a boat  
Which travels, island-hid,  
In the morning mist  
Of the shore of Akashi—  
Dim, dim!"

Lovelier still, like a pagan rendering of the Figure seen so often in the Catacombs, this lyric on a dead child:—

"Because he is young  
And will not know the way to go,  
Would I could bribe  
The messenger of the Underworld,  
That on his shoulders he might carry him!"

And this, loveliest and saddest of all:—

"The rotten-wooded willow  
At the road side,  
When spring comes  
Yearns bitterly for old times."

One remembers Keats'

"In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity."

Set the one over against the other, if you would see in a crystal the pantheism of the East.

One is grateful to the translator, not least for the grammar and the glossary whereby he tempts the reader to share his own pleasure in the original. Yet there is somewhat against him: he should not have said that of the fragments of verse in the *Ko-Jiki*,\* the very old "Records of Ancient Matters," "not one is of any value as literature." True, they are the despair of the scholars. "This is an Incomplete Song," they say quaintly of the marvellous fragment, written by the Prince Yamato Take as he lay dying on the moor of Nono, returned from his last campaign—

"Ah sweet, ah sweet,  
That from the hills of home,  
The clouds arise and come."

They sent the Prince of Karu into exile; this is his last farewell to his wife, written as he journeyed to the islands of the South:—

"No messengers there are,  
I shall have gone so far.  
But when you hear the crane,  
Cry unto them my name,  
For they my heralds are."

Best of all, the fragment of folk-song which tells the story of the great tree whose shadow crossed the mountain at sunset, and at sunrise fell across the islands of the bay: how it was cut down and made into a ship called *Karanu*—"and a very swift-going vessel it was": how the ship was lost, and of its broken timbers some were burned for salt, and one fragment made into a lute that sounded seven miles 'land from the shore. So one sang, saying:

"*Karanu* was burned for salt,  
The wood that was left they made a lute,  
The sound of it struck is the seaweed swaying,  
Rocked on the reefs in the harbor of Yura.  
The harbor of Yura bay."

"This is a Changing Song which is a Quiet Song," say the commentators. As well they may, for it has been the lullaby of the world.

HELEN WADDELL.

\*Translated by Professor Chamberlain. Supplement to the Transactions of the Asiatic Society. Vol. X.

### A TRIO.

"The Ancient Allan." By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.)

"The Husband." By E. H. ANSTRUTHER. (Lane. 7s. net.)

"The Clintons, and Others." By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Collins. 7s. net.)

THE most industrious man who ever lived, whether in fact or fiction, is Allan Quatermain, and Sir Rider Haggard, his scribe, has long reduced Sir John Mandeville, Baron Munchausen, Nimrod, and Ulysses to doddering impotence. Not the most exacting reader but must feel a ray of compassion for this footsore Ahasuerus stumping on from pillar to post to make circulating libraries welcome a holiday from their labors. Sir Rider has indeed come to recognize that there are limits to human endurance, and that if any man on this earth has earned his easy-chair and hot-water bottle it is Allan Quatermain. Charlemagne was an idler, Columbus a stay-at-home compared with him, and at last those rheumatic bones are stretched at ease. But the end is not yet, and if the wretched Allen can do no more adventuring in this world, then he must "tread the ancient track," and by means of a villainous herb called *taduki* and through the jogging of that insatiably romantic woman, Lady Raglan, bestir his old bones and set forth upon the wanderings of his past existences. So we find him a mighty hunter in ancient Egypt, when it was a satrapy of the Persian despotism, killing lions, snapping his fingers under the nose of the great king, escaping one death after another (how the present Allan must have pulled a grimace at these escapes) by a hair, restoring the independence of his country, killing the tyrant himself by a long shot from his mighty bow, defeating the myriads of the Persian armies, marrying the Lady Amada-Raglan, and becoming King of Egypt. It is said that the one thing it is not safe to mention in Allan Quatermain's fatigued presence is a poem called "Intimations of Immortality." As for his scribe, no words can do justice to his resourcefulness.

Miss Anstruther's "The Husband" is not the equal of her admirably direct, skilful, and more manly than womanly study—"The Farm Servant." She is handicapped, to begin with, by a preposterous hero who, if he never was on sea or land, has been in Mudie's some hundreds, if not thousands of times. Frank Dennithorne is a pillar of probity, chivalry, unconventional charm and altruism, and we agree that Penelope made herself quite safe from wife-beating by marrying him. But if we must have our pillars, we should prefer them rather more Byzantine, even Doréesque, all askew and looking rather tipsy. But it is not only Mr. Dennithorne. There is a certain stiffness and awkwardness in the writing, a sense of effort and deliberation which makes the reading of the book somewhat heavy going, and occasionally rans to monstrosities like "prohibitional" (*Anglicé*, prohibitive?). But we must not give the impression that the book is a failure. It is certainly not that, and the discreet, gentle, very pleasantly Quakerish figure (it reminds one of Lamb's Hester) of Penelope is all on the right plane and a relief from the mannish Misses of so much modern fiction. It is particularly agreeable to keep near her when she is moving in Chelsea art-circles, which we confess to find here—as elsewhere—somewhat *papier-mâché*. Penelope is well and carefully studied, and a great credit to Miss Anstruther.

Mr. Marshall in "The Clintons and Others" tries his hand at short stories and is, on the whole, justified of his exceeding boldness. There are half-a-dozen of them in a book of the average length, and the longest—"Audacious Ann"—is the most successful. It is a delicate and polished study of a girl's school, ruled by the feminine equivalent of Rugby-Arnoldism, and makes delightful reading. Mr. Marshall takes some liberties with his design—there was really no reason for Ann's shielding her friend, when the latter fell ill (providentially) and so was unable to make her confession until the fatal week in which Ann was sent to Coventry was past. But these are minor blemishes upon an intimate and vivid, if conventional in treatment, impression of school-life, charmingly carried off by a slight flavor of irony. There is indeed real artistic mastery in Mr. Marshall's method of suggestion and illumination, and,



# The Hand of Murder is passing over Armenia

## Three-Fourths of the Population already DEAD

*Force the Peace Conference to save the remainder.*

**T**O-DAY there comes to Britain the ghastly cry of tens of thousands of men, women and children in deadly danger.

These survivors of Turkish massacre and torment look to you, and to you alone. They are imploring you to save them *from the condemned cell*. Will you turn deaf ears? To-day is the opportunity. At this very moment the issue trembles in the balance at the Peace Conference. Will you reject this agonised plea of the innocent for reprieve from sentence of death? Shall England put on the Black Cap and condemn the remnant of a once prosperous race to *death by torture*?

### MURDERS STILL CONTINUE.

Only a few days ago the Marash horror became known. Here is the report of Mr. Crathern, a member of the American Mission, who describes what he actually saw with his own eyes, not last year, not during the War, but only a few days ago.

"On the 25th January, 1920, scores of Armenian women and children at Marash were butchered by the Turks with knives and hatchets. A hundred were butchered in one house. After the men had been taken outside and shot, the women surrendered under promises of protection, but were betrayed."

This, from the *Times* of March 6th, is a sober recital of fact by one who was there. The same eye-witness writes:—"Surely no one in the outside world can realise the seriousness of our situation. . . . All the eighty girls in the Armenian Rescue Home were killed to-day (February 7th, 1920), the Turks afterwards firing the building. We had to watch without being able to raise a hand in help."

A few weeks ago 30,000 people lived at Marash; to-day only 8,000 remain. The rest have been murdered by the Turks, as hundreds of thousands of their fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians have been murdered before them. Is this to go on? Will you pass by on the other side while a nation is being cruelly and barbarously stamped out of existence?

### TURKISH POLICY OF EXTERMINATION.

Turkish Policy towards the Armenians *has always been a policy of slaughter*. The Turks have always acted on the sinister maxim of Abdul Hamid: "The way to get rid of the Armenian question is to get rid of the Armenians." The history of Turkish rule over Christians in Europe has ever been a history of continuous oppression and almost continuous outrage and massacre. The Powers

protested from time to time, but they protested ineffectually. Diplomatic and financial intrigue in Europe proved stronger than the appeals of humanity and justice. Are they to prove stronger to-day?

### THE MOST HIDEOUS CRIME IN HISTORY.

Viscount Bryce, a writer distinguished for soberness of judgment, tells us that "three-fourths or four-fifths of the whole nation has been wiped out, and there is no case in history . . . in which any crime so hideous and upon so large a scale has been recorded."

"The Turks, as rulers," writes Lord Bryce, "have proved themselves to be savages. They are, moreover, irreclaimable savages. Their governing class . . . is cruel, perfidious, incapable of honest or efficient government, dead to all feelings of justice or humanity."

*The only way to stop this butchery is to stop Turkish rule over subject peoples.*

*Can you in honour leave the Armenian who fought for you at the mercy of the Turk who fought against you—the Turk, whose alliance with Germany prolonged the war at the cost of thousands of British lives?*

### WHAT MUST BE DONE.

(1) Subject races must be delivered from Turkish rule. The Turk cannot rule subject races except by massacre.

(2) All non-Turkish peoples must, so far as is practicable, enjoy self-government.

(3) Adequate protection of minorities of all races and religions everywhere must be secured.

*Do not let dust be thrown in your eyes.* Religious bigotry does not enter into this matter. No one wishes to destroy the Turk, or even to do any injustice to him. It is fully recognised that the Turks themselves have a perfect right to their own form of government, so long as their exercise of it does not involve the murder of innocent human beings.

No sort of persecution of the Turks is intended. What is intended is that the Turk shall be prevented from persecuting. Can any Englishman or Englishwoman, knowing what has happened, intend anything else?

### THE FRIENDS OF THE TURK.

There are certain rings of international financiers—financiers of the lowest moral order—who are interested in maintaining Turkish rule. These people would barter men and women and children for gold. For their own sordid ends they are the friends of the Turk.

## Let the Voice of Britain be heard protesting against this iniquity.

The issue is now in the balance at the Peace Conference. Are these unspeakable Turkish atrocities to continue or are they not? Are the Christian subject-peoples of Turkey to continue in the bondage of death and destruction, or are they to be liberated at last?

**Act to-day. Form Committees—hold meetings—see to it that everyone in your community is brought to realise the stakes of human life and liberty that are at hazard—pass resolutions and write to your M.P. demanding that the Peace Conference shall free the Armenians and all other subject peoples from the bloodstained Turk.**

*Speakers and others requiring further information should read the special supplement which is being issued with "Everyman," obtainable at all bookstalls on March 12th.*

*The services of speakers and supplies of literature can be obtained on application to the British Armenia Committee, 96, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.*

as in all good stories, what he does not say is more revealed to us than what he does. The other stories do not reach this level, though all of them bear the marks of individuality and distinction. Slight in texture and rather conventionalized in structure and purpose as these tales are, they are adroitly poised and display a sound, as well as refined, quality of workmanship.

### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Memories of the Months." By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

WE make a wary approach to books by nature lovers and amateur scientists, knowing their pale flame of sentimentality, and so feared the worst when faced by Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Memories," never having been introduced to his previous note-books. We know now that that was our misfortune. Sir Herbert writes neither like a scientist nor a sentimentalist giving impressions of the picturesque and the pretty ways of Nature. He has studied much, is a good observer, and has had wonderful luck. It is this luck which makes his notes so readable. If he has made no discoveries, he has been able to verify. He has seen the hunter wasp (whose scientific surgery Fabre has described) carrying a caterpillar several times her own weight and bulk, followed her and her paralyzed prey for fifty yards to the hunter's cell, and watched her remove with her mandibles the small bits of quartz from the entrance to her nursery and drag her game into the burrow. That kind of luck is not rare to Sir Herbert Maxwell. A pheasant once dashed through a pane of glass into his room without injury to itself, and if this were not enough, a sparrow-hawk repeated the performance, this time through plate-glass, also without suffering injury. He once saw the aged lady who acted as keeper at the Logan Fishpond, where fish are imprisoned and fattened for the table, petting a great cod, which she lifted from the water, placed in her lap, and fed with mussels or soft crab. We are specially grateful to the author for the generous extract he gives from a forgotten book, "The Lays of the Deer Forest" by John Sobieski Stuart (1795-1872) and Charles Edward Stuart (1799-1880), who claimed descent from Prince Charles Edward. The extract records a thrilling salmon hunt by two otters which one of the brothers had the fortune to see on the Findhorn, and it shows such a gift of observation and a power of narrative prose that we feel inclined to take in future a kindly interest in the claims of the Stuarts.

"Old World Yesterdays." By CAROLINE WALKER. (Selwyn & Blount. 6s.)

THE author's efforts to describe her impressions of, and the mystic emotions inspired by, the scenery of Italy, France, and England, result in a monotony of prettiness. Mere statements of color schemes never create a picture. Even the moments when something definite seems on the point of emerging are ruined by such reflections as: "It was a moment expressive of pure pantheism, in which my spirit joined the nymphs of the hills and forests. Dimly I felt that this brief sensation of the unity of all animate things, this peep into reality—when for a moment the mystic veil seemed to have become partially transparent—was full of significance which I was unable to comprehend." There is overmuch of these uncomprehending dim feelings. Forced visions like "the wild horses of the Valkyries were rallying in the wind-swept sky," and "Apollo drove his gilded equipage, the floating manes of the horses streaming in the wind as they plunged and strained upward," are frequent. The author, no doubt, gets great pleasure from scenes that are fair, but, as she herself hints, she can, at present, give but "a shadowy image of her joy."

"Religion and Sex." By CHAPMAN COHEN. (Foulis. 6s.)

THE editor of "The Freethinker" brings to memory the burning days when we could derive complete mental satisfaction from the ruin of Genesis by a demonstra-

tion upon the "Origin of Species." Dialectics, whatever be the theme, never to-day give us so sure a sense of witnessing a "knock-out." Mr. Cohen has, too, something resembling the overwhelming style of his masters, is as widely read as they, and has more data at his service. He sets out to establish that there is a pathology of religion, that, "so far as religious 'facts' are parts of mental life, religion becomes logically a department of psychology." He treats mystic vision as a manifestation of neural derangement. Accepting that religious beliefs in civilized times are an inheritance from the primitive, that ancient man formed his conceptions of the supernatural through ignorance of his own nature and the nature of his world, Mr. Cohen devotes his work to an investigation of the conditions that have helped to perpetuate the religious idea. His conclusion is that a great deal of assumed religious feeling is found to be little more than "masked sexuality." He argues that "the connection between eroticism and piety has been noted again and again by medical observers. . . . And it is hardly less marked in a large number of instances that are usually classed as normal." The true reason for the practice of celibacy is, he believes, that "sexual and domestic feelings, lacking their proper outlet in marriage and family life, run with greater force in the outlet provided by religion." We have indicated Mr. Cohen's line of argument, which is much older than he appears to think. Of more interest is the mass of material he adduces concerning mental diseases, the sexual instinct, witch manias, and "revival" epidemics.

"The Modern Crusaders." By Captain R. E. C. ADAMS, M.C. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)

IT is generally taken for granted that the sketchiness of G. H. Q. *communiqués* was a device to keep knowledge from the public; few believe that they really represented the mental droughtiness of their composers. In any case, it was an unlovely style which we wish to forget. Here is an officer's diary of the war in Palestine which, at this date, one cannot suppose is intended to withhold information. It is possible that men who came through the campaign may find their memories awakened by these jottings, though that is by no means certain, but there is no ground for the supposition that others are likely to derive benefit from them. The author left the East with the reflection that he would "no longer feel called upon to keep this diary, which has been the bane of my existence for more than a year." Good diaries are not kept on such terms.

"The New America." By FRANK DILNOT. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

"No written words have ever conveyed or can ever convey to the people of one country what are the motive forces in the soul of another country," Mr. Dilnot assumes. And, at least, so severe a task is not attempted by Mr. Dilnot. He was in America during 1917 and 1918, and in these brief and lively sketches, in which is apparent a stern resolve to be bright at all costs, he tells us of some of the external things in American life that he noted in his dashing, journalistic way. Among other things he explains the difference between American and British humor, and, in a patriotic defence of our capacity to make and understand a jest, he reminds us of the existence in our country of such humorists as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. George. That proof of our gift for fun would not occur to everyone. There are chapters on American women (who, except for an accent, do not appear from Mr. Dilnot's pages to differ much from other women), food, dress, public men, amusements, &c. Mr. Dilnot met Mr. Wilson (one of America's "men of juice") and shook hands with him: "He has a soft and steady unhurried grip with those long fingers. You can learn much from a handshake sometimes." Mr. Dilnot does not disclose what he learned from those soft fingers. Other leading men whom he interviewed were Roosevelt and General Rush C. Hawkins. We gather some useful information. Fish has an important place in the American dietary, but Mr. Dilnot did not like their bacon.

**HARRODS STORES LTD.**

"UNPARALLELED COMMERCIAL PROGRESS."  
NAME CHANGED TO HARRODS LTD.

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Harrods Stores Ltd. was held on the 5th inst., at the company's premises, Brompton-road, Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart., Chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman in the course of his remarks said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is again my pleasure to review with you the results of another year's trading, which I think we shall all agree are most satisfactory. The Balance Sheet shows increased strength and substantial progress. If you will turn to the Profit and Loss Account, there are a few very important items to which I ask your attention. Not having any basis of comparison with last year for the Manchester business, I am now making my comparison on the London position only. The Working Expenses of the business continue to rise at an ever-increasing rate. The total for the year shows an increase on the previous year of 41 per cent. After charging all expenses, payment of Salaries and Wages, Interest on Bank Deposits, ample provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Depreciations, and Sinking Funds, there remains a net profit of £583,635 6s. 4d.—(cheers)—which amount includes the profits for the half year ended January 31st, 1920, of the Manchester business of Kendal, Milne and Co., acquired by this Company in July 1919.

From whatever position the Balance Sheet is analysed, one cannot fail to be impressed with the great financial strength of the Company. Your Company stands in an exceedingly strong position. Our Assets total £7,705,146, all of which are free and unencumbered—"Hear, hear"—so that for every £1 we owe we have more than £3 to meet it. (Cheers.) We are able to report the magnificent increase on the previous year of £1,850,000 on the London business alone. Our Investments are of the value of £982,548, but the 54,000 Buenos Ayres Deferred Shares are taken in at cost, namely, £2,700, whereas the market value stands at over £500,000. The acquisition of the business of Messrs. Kendal, Milne and Co., of Manchester, was carried out with exemplary promptitude.

Dickins and Jones Ltd. is making most satisfactory progress. The profits of this business in 1914—the year of purchase—were £68,597. For the year ended January 31st, 1920, the profits were £130,191. I have endeavored to convey to you the predominant feeling of your Directors that Harrods spells prosperity, and continually increasing prosperity. We propose to pay a final dividend of 15 per cent. on the total issued Ordinary Capital of £1,425,000, and to carry forward to the current year £218,890, subject to Excess Profits Duty, London and Manchester, if any. We further refer to the question of capitalising a portion of the Reserve Fund, with a view to bringing the nominal Capital of the Company more into harmony with the actual Capital employed in the business, and we now ask your endorsement of our recommendation to create and issue 475,000 fully paid £1 shares to be distributed amongst the holders of Ordinary shares in the proportion of one fully paid Ordinary share in respect of every three Ordinary shares now held, fractions of shares to be dealt with for the benefit of such shareholders as are entitled to them in accordance with the plan laid down. Notwithstanding the distribution of these bonus shares, we confidently anticipate that the dividend for the current year will be maintained. You will notice we are asking you to authorise an increase of the Company's Ordinary Capital by 700,000 shares. This figure, of course, includes the 475,000 bonus shares to which I have just referred, and the balance of this Capital will be utilised to meet future developments.

I beg to move "That the Report and Accounts be received and adopted, and that the dividend therein recommended be declared and paid."

The Managing Director (Sir Woodman Burbidge, Bart., C.B.E.) seconded the resolution and said there was no doubt they were going to have a very large increase in the trading during the next twelve months and for many years to come. The undertaking was only in its infancy. Although the amalgamation between Harrods (Buenos Aires Ltd.) and the South American Stores had not yet been formally completed, it was practically so, and when completed Harrods would command a purchasing power of over £15,000,000 of merchandise per annum, and it was by centralising purchases they were able to give good value.

After some discussion the resolutions, of which notice had been given, for increasing the capital, altering the articles, and changing the name of the Company to "Harrods Limited," were passed.

**PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.**

APRIL 27th.—Spain. Burgos, Madrid, Granada, Seville. Algeciras, Ronda, Tangier, &c., &c. 30 days. 120 gns.  
Arranged and accompanied throughout by  
Miss BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, S.E. 19.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO**

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.  
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. LIT.

**HOLBORN EMPIRE** HOLBORN TUBE STATION.

Lewis Casson and Bruce Winston's Season of Daily Matinees, at 2.30.

**Next Week: "TOM TROUBLE."**

Other plays in preparation.

**MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS**

Head Mistress—Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge  
(Late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School).

The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community; to encourage self-expression by means of Literature, Acting, Music, Dancing, and Handicraft of every description; to increase resource and initiative by practical work such as cooking, gardening, and poultry-keeping. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art.

Fees, inclusive of Eurythmics, Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, and all such subjects as should be part of every girl's education, 180 guineas a year.

Gerrard's Cross is 500 feet above sea-level, on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

**THE BERGMAN OSTERBERG PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, DARTFORD HEATH, KENT****Trustees:**

Sir George Newman, K.C.B., D.C.L.  
The Marchioness of Salisbury.  
The Viscount Astor.  
The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison, M.D., M.P.  
The Rt. Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, LL.D.

**Principal:**

Miss Hilda Walton (Oxfr., Flin. Hon. Sch. Eng. Lang and Lit.).

**Vice-Principal:**

Miss Alma Wikner (Royal Cent. Inst. of Gymnastics, Stockholm).

The College Course is designed to train Students as Teachers of Gymnastics and Games, and to fit them, eventually, to become Organisers of Physical Training under Local Authorities.

**AN ATTEMPT TO EDUCATE GIRLS FOR FREEDOM** is being made at Luckley, Wokingham, Berks, by Bertha Drake and Irene Barratt.—Full particulars on application to the Principals.

**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS** from 10 to 18 years of age. (P.N.E.U.) Physical Culture, Riding, Driving, Gardening, Dairy Work, Poultry Farming, Handicrafts, and Domestic Science, in addition to usual subjects and languages. Prospectus from Mrs. Shelley, West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk.

**THE ARS VIVENDI SYSTEM** introduces into human evolution a new principle—discovery of the respiratory use of the Cranial Sinuses. It is Nature's secret of vitality, and key to open-air Education, Health, Prevention of Consumption. Breathing becomes copious and easy, the voice full, and the walk buoyant. Nasal congestion specially treated without need for operations. Delicate children improve quickly.

Mr. ARTHUR LOVELL, 94, Park Street, London, W.1.

**LECTURES, MEETINGS, ETC.****CLARTE**

A public meeting in support of a genuine

**INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION**

will be held under the auspices of Clarté (English Section) on Wednesday, March 17th at 8.15 p.m. at

**KING GEORGE'S HALL**

Caroline Street, Great Russell Street, W.C.

(Headquarters, Y.M.C.A.)

Speakers: **PAUL COLIN**, Secretary General, Clarté, (Belgian Section), Lt. Col. J. WEDGWOOD, M.P., The Hon. **BERTRAND RUSSELL**, Com. **HAROLD GRENFELL**, R.N.

Chairman: **ROBERT DELL**.

Admission free without ticket.

There will be a few reserved seats (2/- each), tickets for which can be obtained from the Secretary, Clarté, 5, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

**LUNCH HOUR ADDRESSES** on "The Peace Treaty and What it Means," at Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C. Mondays from 1.30 to 1.50 p.m. Monday, March 15th, "Economic Consequences," by H. B. Lees Smith.

**TWO LECTURES on THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF THE PEACE TREATY**

By **W. E. ARNOLD FORSTER**

FRIDAYS, MARCH 19th, 26th, at 8 p.m.

**MORTIMER HALL, MORTIMER ST. W.**  
TICKETS for each Lecture 2/- from the Organiser, Women's International League, 14, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

**WANTED**—By woman, Religious Enthusiast, "Pacifist" principles (Politics, keen Labor), paid post as Secretary to man or woman engaged in public Social and Religious work.—Apply Box 50, THE NATION, 170, Fleet Street.

**HENRY GEORGE CLUB**—The Public are invited to a Meeting to be held in the Lincolnshire Room, National Liberal Club, Victoria Street, S.W. 1, on Monday, March 15th, at 8 p.m. J. Dundas White, LL.D., on "Some Fundamental Features of Land Values Taxation." Discussion.

**SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE**, South Place, Moorgate St., E.C.2. Tuesday Evening Lectures, at 7 o'clock.

March 2nd: Richard L. Reiss, "Housing."

March 9th: J. J. Mallon (Warden of Toynbee Hall), "The Relation of Government to Industry."

March 16th: Sir George Palsh, "Post-War Economics."

March 23rd: C. Dellsie Burns, M.A., "Trade Unions and the State."

March 30th: J. J. Murphy, "Sinn Féin."

Questions and Discussions. Admission Free. Collection.



## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

## THURSDAY.

THE week has been full of important events in national finance, of which the most important, perhaps, is the announcement that the Anglo-French Loan in the States is to be repaid. The effect of this sound financial policy is discussed below. On paper the economic manifesto of the Supreme Council is unimpeachable. It preaches the pure milk of the true economic word on the causes and remedies of Europe's present economic evils. If the Allied Governments lived up to this manifesto and shaped their policy exclusively to conform with its teaching, the pace of economic recovery would everywhere be greatly accelerated. Retrenchment and production, it all comes down to that. What we require from our Government and from all the Governments of Europe is practice, not precept. According to the high level of their manifesto must their performances in finance, retrenchment, foreign and trade policy be judged. Last week's House of Lords' debate provided a useful pre-Budget discussion on national finance. Lord Buckmaster laid down the doctrine that we must first find out what we can afford to spend and then apportion the expenditure among the spending departments. The Government reply was—on paper—reassuring. Lord Buckmaster also tackled the questions of a War Wealth, or Capital, Levy. While rejecting the schemes at present suggested for the former, he outlined his own scheme for a Levy, in which everyone liable to it would have to pay in Government stock. This is an ingenious attempt to provide a safeguard against depreciation of Government credit, but it leaves unsolved many of the great practical difficulties.

The overseas trade returns for February are decidedly disappointing. The adverse balance for February on the published figures is nearly £62 millions, whereas the most optimistic estimate of "invisible exports" gives us an average of £53 millions, so we were not paying our way in foreign commerce last month. Very heavy purchases of raw cotton by Lancashire from Egypt and America are a feature of last month's trade. Fears of dearer money rates have passed for the moment, though the position is not quite safe till the end of the month is over, and Lombard Street is witnessing abundant supplies of loanable credit. The Stock Markets are a little better in tone, but without feature, and business is on a small scale. Gold and silver prices have dropped in response to the improvement in the New York exchange. Other exchanges have been, generally speaking, a little better, with the exception of a further fall by the French franc. New issues of capital are rather fewer. The French National Loan may attract those who look for a strong recovery of the franc. The loyalty of a great army of students will probably cause the Pelman issue to be over-subscribed.

## THE NATIONAL DEBT.

In discussing all problems of debt reduction it is necessary to remember that there are three distinct classes of national indebtedness. There is, first of all, debt represented by borrowings at home in the form of long-dated, or comparatively long-dated, securities, such as War Loans, Consols, War Bonds, Exchequer Bonds; secondly, domestic borrowings represented by floating debt—i.e., Treasury Bills and Temporary Advances; thirdly, foreign indebtedness representing loans and credits raised abroad, principally in the United States. In round and approximate figures our total debt is £7,900 millions, to which the first class mentioned above contributes £5,319 millions, the second £1,257 millions, and the third £1,324 millions. The urgent need for reducing the floating debt, in view especially of its effect on prices, is generally recognized, and Mr. Chamberlain can claim the credit of reducing the total of Treasury Bills and Ways and Means Advances outstanding by about £100 millions since the beginning of the present calendar year. The desirability of lightening our obligations to foreign countries, by the paying off, as opportunity arises, of loans raised abroad, is too obvious to require any explanation; and Mr. Chamberlain's announcement that he and the French Finance Minister have agreed to take steps to pay off the joint Anglo-French Loan in the United States is universally welcomed in the City. This joint loan was for £500 millions, was

floated in New York in the second autumn of the war, and falls due for repayment on October 15th next, Britain and France each being responsible for half. As regards the method of reducing our half, Mr. Chamberlain stated in the House of Commons on Monday in answer to a question by Mr. Asquith: "The British Government have no intention of re-borrowing outside the United Kingdom any part of the \$250,000,000 required, so that, when the loan is repaid, we shall have reduced our external debt by over £50,000,000. We shall employ for the purpose resources already available or in sight in the United States; and to the extent to which they are not sufficient we shall shift gold. We have already made a beginning by buying Anglo-French Bonds in the market at a considerable discount below par." It is too early yet to foresee the amount of gold that will have to be moved. Apart from its desirability in regard to our domestic financial position, this policy will be helpful—as New York cables already prove—in enhancing British credit in America and relieving some of the pessimism that exists there with regard to the financial stability of European debtors. The Treasury's decision has already had a favorable effect on the New York exchange rates.

## PRUDENTIAL AND PEARL REPORTS.

The Prudential Assurance Company's figures give proof of remarkable expansion. In the "ordinary" branch of the Company's business new assurances undertaken during the year were for a sum of £22,319,000. In 1918 new business of this kind amounted to £13,846,000. This is striking evidence of the present popularity of life insurance. In the "industrial" assurance branch the premium income rose in 1919 by over £1,400,000 to £11,155,874. At the close of last year the Prudential had out over a million ordinary life assurances policies assuring £130½ millions (plus bonuses), and over 23 million industrial assurance policies assuring no less than £329 millions. At the Prudential meeting the Chairman, Sir Thomas Dewey, discussed the high costs of industrial assurance and explained the economies arising from the Prudential's system of collection and renewal. This problem of the high costs connected with industrial assurance also closely affects the Pearl Insurance Company, whose report will be read with peculiar interest in view of the recent agents' strike. In 1919 the Pearl's premiums in the "industrial" branch rose by some £440,000 to £3,832,000, expenses and commissions coming to 40 per cent. of the premiums. In the ordinary life assurance branch premiums rose by over £428,000 to £1,817,000, total expenses working out at only just over 12 per cent. The Company carries forward £143,000 to assist in meeting the cost of extra remuneration to the staff, which has been estimated at about £230,000. The re-arranged pay rates do not affect the 1919 figures.

## LEVER'S EXPANDING PROFITS.

Lever Brothers' report for 1919 justifies the expectation of largely increased profits held out in the prospectus of the Company's new preference issue. Net profits are £2,439,067, against £1,553,589 for 1918, these balances being struck after allowing for repairs, renewals, alterations, depreciations, and insurance. This year a special reserve allocation out of net profits is made to the extent of over half-a-million, while the employees' share of profits under the co-partnership agreement is £271,300, against £206,100 in 1918. Lever's rapid expansion, in which recent notable steps have been the acquisition of Price's Patent Candle Co., Joseph Crosfield & Sons, and the Niger Co., suggests an examination to see how the growth in capital in the last decade has been productive in increased profits. The Company comes well out of this test. In 1909 the total paid up capital was £5,100,000 and the ordinary shares received 12½ per cent. dividend. At the end of 1919 total paid-up capital was £25,707,300 and the ordinary shares receive 17½ per cent., which is the same rate as in 1913, though in the six years intervening the preference and preferred ordinary capital increased by over £8,300,000. Moreover, the 1919 allocation of £504,000 to reserve, depreciation, &c., is more than three times as great as the allowance made in 1913. It is a wonderful record of successful expansion.

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